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APOSTOLIC LETTER

OF

POPE LEO XIII.

TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

LEO XIII. TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE WHO SEEK THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST IN THE UNITY OF THE FAITH.

Health and Peace in the Lord.

Some time since, in an Apostolic letter to princes and peoples, we addressed the English in common with other nations, but we have greatly desired to do this by a special letter and thus give to the illustrious English race a token of our sincere affection. This wish had been kept alive by the hearty good will we have always felt towards your people, whose great deeds in olden times the history of the Church declares. We were yet more moved by not infrequent conversations with your countrymen, who testified to the kindly feeling of the English towards us personally, and above all to their anxiety for peace and eternal salvation through unity of Faith. God is our witness how keen is our wish that some effort of ours might tend to assist and further the great work of obtaining the reunion of Christendom; and we render thanks to God, who has so far prolonged our life, that we may make an endeavour in this direction. But since, as is but

right, we place our confidence of a happy issue principally and above all in the wonderful power of God's grace, we have with full consideration determined to invite all Englishmen, who glory in the Christian name, to this same work, and we exhort them to lift up their hearts to God with us, to fix their trust in Him, and to seek from Him the help necessary in such a matter by assiduous diligence in holy prayer.

Papal Solicitude for England.

The love and care of the Roman Pontiffs for England has been traditional from the days of our holy predecessor Gregory the Great. Religion and humanity generally, and especially the English nation, owe him a deep debt of gratitude. Although prevented, by the Divine call to yet higher duty, from himself undertaking the apostolic labour "of converting the Anglo-Saxons, as he had proposed to do whilst still a monk, his mind remained intent upon this great and salutary design" (Joann. Diac. in vita ejus, c. ii. 33), nor did he rest until it was accomplished. For from that monastic family which he had formed in learning and holiness of life in his own house he sent a chosen band under the leadership of Augustine to be the messengers of grace, wisdom, and civilization to those who were still buried in paganism. And relying as he did on Divine help his hope grew stronger under difficulty, until at length he saw his work crowned with success. He himself writes of this in tones of triumphant joy in reply to St. Augustine, who had sent him the news of the happy result: "Glory be to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will. To Christ be the glory in whose death we live; by whose weakness we are strong, in the love of whom we seek in Britain those brethren whom we knew not; by whose mercy we have found those

whom knowing not we sought. Who can tell what gladness filled the hearts of all here to know that the English race, by the workings of the grace of God Almighty, and by your labours, my brother, has been illuminated by the light of our holy Faith, which expels the darkness of error, and has with free mind trodden underfoot those idols to which aforetime they were subject in foolish fear" (Epist. c. xi., 28, al c. xi., 58). And congratulating Ethelbert, King of Kent, and Bertha his Queen, in a letter full of affection, in that they imitated "Helen, of illustrious memory, and Constantine, the devout Emperor" (ib. c. xi., 66, al. c. xi., 60, c. xi., 29, al c. ix., 59), he strengthens them and their people with salutary admonitions. Nor did he cease for the rest of his life to foster and develop their faith in instructions dictated by holy prudence. Thus Christianity, which the Church had conveyed to Britain, and spread and defended there against rising heresy,* after having been blotted out by the invasion of heathen races, was now by the care of Gregory happily restored.

Having resolved to address this letter to the English people, we recall at once these great and glorious events in the annals of the Church, which must surely be remembered by them in gratitude. Moreover, it is noteworthy that this love and solicitude of Gregory was

* The action of St. Celestine I. was most efficacious against the Pelagian heresy which had infected Britain, as St. Prosper of Aquitaine, a writer of that time, and afterwards secretary to St. Leo the Great, records in his chronicle: "Agricola the Pelagian, son of the Pelagian Bishop Severianus, tainted the Churches of Britain with the insinuations of his teaching. But at the instance of the deacon, Palladius, Pope Celestine sent Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, as his vicar (*vice sua*), and led back the British people to the Catholic faith, having driven out the heretics." (Migne, Bibl P. P. S. Prosp. Aquit. opp. vol. un. p. 594.

inherited by the Pontiffs who succeeded him. This is shown by their constant interposition in providing worthy pastors and capable teachers in learning, both human and divine, by their helpful counsels, and by their affording in abundant measure whatever was necessary for establishing and developing that rising Church. And very soon was such care rewarded, for in no other case, perhaps, did the Faith take root so quickly, nor was so keen and intense a love manifested towards the See of Peter. That the English race was in those days devoted to this centre of Christian unity divinely constituted in the Roman Bishops, and that in the course of ages men of all ranks were bound to them by ties of loyalty, are facts too abundantly and plainly testified by the pages of history to admit of doubt or question.

The Holy League for England's Return to Union.

But, in the storms which devastated Catholicity throughout Europe in the sixteenth century, England, too, received a grievous wound; for it was first unhappily wrenched from communication with the Apostolic See, and then was bereft of that holy Faith in which for long centuries it had rejoiced and found liberty. It was a sad defection; and our predecessors, while lamenting it in their earnest love, made every prudent effort to put an end to it, and to mitigate the many evils consequent upon it. It would take long, and it is not necessary, to detail the sedulous and increasing care taken by our predecessors in those circumstances. But by far the most valuable and effective assistance they afforded lies in their having so repeatedly urged on the faithful the practice of special prayer to God that He would look with compassion on England. In

the number of those who devoted themselves to this special work of charity there were some venerable and saintly men, especially Saint Charles Borromeo and Saint Philip Neri, and, in the last century, Paul, the founder of the Society of the Passion of Christ, who, not without a certain Divine impulse, it is said, was instant in supplication "at the throne of Divine Grace:" and this all the more earnestly that the times seemed less favourable to the realization of his hopes. We, indeed, long before being raised to the Supreme Pontificate, were deeply sensible also of the importance of holy prayer offered for this cause, and heartily approved of it. For, as we gladly recall, at the time when we were Nuncio in Belgium, becoming acquainted with an Englishman, Ignatius Spencer, himself a devout son of the same St. Paul of the Cross, he laid before us the project he had already initiated for extending a society of pious people to pray for the return of the English nation to the Church.*

We can hardly say how cordially we entered into this design, wholly inspired by faith and charity, and how we helped forward this cause, anticipating that the English Church would obtain abundant assistance thereby. Although the fruits of Divine Grace obtained by prayer had previously manifested themselves, yet as that holy League spread they became notorious. Very many were led to follow the Divine call, and among them not a few men of distinguished eminence, and many, too, who in doing so had to make personal and heroic sacrifices. Moreover, there was a wonderful drawing of hearts and minds towards Catholic Faith and practice, which rose in public respect and esteem,

* For this purpose he specially recommended the "Hail Mary," and obtained from the General Chapter of his Order, held in Rome in 1857, a special injunction upon its members.

and many a long-cherished prejudice yielded to the force of truth.

Looking at all this, we do not doubt that the united and humble supplications of so many to God are hastening the time of further manifestations of His merciful designs towards the English people when "the Word of the Lord may run and be glorified" (Thess. iii. 1). Our confidence is strengthened by observing the legislative and other measures which, if they do not, perhaps, directly, still do indirectly help forward the end we have in view by ameliorating the condition of the people at large, and by giving effect to the laws of justice and charity.

Social Movements in England.

We have heard with singular joy of the great attention which is being given in England to the solution of the social question, of which we have treated with much care in our Encyclicals, and of the establishment of benefit and similar societies, whereby on a legal basis the condition of the working classes is improved. And we have heard of the vigorous and persevering efforts made to preserve for the people at large an education based on religious teaching, than which there is no firmer foundation for the instruction of youth and the maintenance of domestic life and civil polity; of the zeal and energy with which so many engage in forwarding opportune measures for the repression of the degrading vice of intemperance; of societies formed among the young men of the upper classes for the promotion of purity of morals and for sustaining the honour due to womanhood. For, alas, in regard to the Christian virtue of continence pernicious views are subtly creeping in, as though it were believed that a

man was not so strictly bound by the precept as a woman.

Moreover, reflecting men are deeply concerned at the spread of Rationalism and Materialism, and we ourselves have often lifted up our voice to denounce these evils, which weaken and paralyze not religion only, but the very springs of thought and action. The highest credit is due to those who fearlessly and unceasingly proclaim the rights of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the laws and teachings given by Him for the establishment of the Divine Kingdom here upon earth; in which teachings alone strength, wisdom, and safety are to be found. The various and abundant manifestations of care for the aged, for orphans, for incurables, for the destitute, the refuges, reformatories, and other forms of charity, all which the Church as a tender Mother inaugurated and from the earliest times has ever inculcated as a special duty, are evidences of the spirit which animates you.

Nor can we omit to mention specially the strict public observance of Sunday and the general spirit of respect for the Holy Scriptures. Every one knows the power and resources of the British nation and the civilizing influence which, with the spread of liberty, accompanies its commercial prosperity even to the most remote regions. But, worthy and noble in themselves as are all these varied manifestations of activity, our soul is raised to the origin of all power and the perennial source of all good things, to God our Heavenly Father, most beneficent. For the labours of man, whether public or private, will not attain to their full efficacy without appeal to God in prayer and without the Divine Blessing. "For happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Ps. cxliii. 15). For the mind of the Christian should be so turned and

fixed that he places and rests the chief hope of his undertakings in the Divine help obtained by prayer, whereby human effort is supernaturalized and the desire of doing good, as though quickened by a heavenly fire, manifests itself in vigorous and serviceable actions. In this power of prayer God has not merely dignified man, but with infinite mercy has given him a protector and help in the time of need, ready at hand to all, easy and void of effect to no one who has resolute recourse to it. "Prayer is our powerful weapon, our great protection, our storehouse, our port of refuge, our place of safety." (Chrys. Hom 30 in Gen.)

But if the prayer of the righteous man rightly avail so much with God even in earthly concerns, how much more will it not avail one who is destined to an eternal existence for obtaining those spiritual blessings which Christ has procured for mankind by "the sacrament of His mercy." For He "Who of God is made unto us wisdom and justice and sanctification and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30), in addition to what He taught, instituted, and effected, gave also for this purpose the salutary precept of prayer and in His great goodness confirmed it by His example.

These simple truths are indeed known to every Christian, but still by many they are neither remembered nor valued as they should be. It is for this reason that we insist the more strenuously on the confidence which should be placed in prayer, and recall the words and example of the fatherly love of the same Christ our Lord; words of deepest import and highest encouragement; words also which show forth how in the counsels of God prayer is at the same time the expression of our helplessness and the sure hope of obtaining the strength we need. "And I say to you, Ask

and it shall be given you; seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you; for every one that asketh, receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened" (St. Luke xi. 9, 10). And the Son of God Himself shows us that if our prayers are to be acceptable to the Divine Majesty they must be united with His Name and merits. "Amen, amen, I say to you if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it you. Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name. Ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full" (St. John xvi. 23, 24). And He enforces this by reference to the tender love of parents for their own children. "If you, then, being evil," He says, "know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father from Heaven give the good Spirit to them that ask Him" (St. Luke xi., 13). And how abundant are not the choice gifts contained in that good Spirit! The greatest of them all is that hidden power of which Christ spoke when He said: "No man can come to Me except the Father who hath sent Me draw him" (St. John vi. 44).

It is impossible that men grounded in this teaching should not feel drawn and even impelled to the habit of faithful prayer. With what steady perseverance will they not practise it; with what fervour pursue it, having before them the very example of Christ Himself, who, having nothing to fear for Himself and needing nothing, for He was God, yet passed the whole night in prayer (St. Luke vi. 12), and with a strong cry and tears offered up prayers and supplications (Heb. v. 7), and doing this "He wished to stand pleading before His Father as if remembering at that time that He was our teacher," as Venerable Bede that ornament of your nation, wisely considers (in ev. S. Joann. xvii). But nothing proves so clearly and forcibly both the precept and

the example of our Divine Lord in regard to prayer as His last discourse to the Apostles during those sad moments that preceded His passion, when, raising His eyes to Heaven, He again and again entreated His Holy Father, praying and beseeching Him for the most intimate union of His disciples and followers in the truth, as the most convincing evidence to the world of the Divine mission on which He was about to send them.

The Yearning for Unity.

And here no thought is more welcome to our soul than that happy unity of Faith and will for which our Redeemer and Divine Master prayed in that earnest supplication—a unity which, if useful at all times even for temporal interests, both at home and abroad, is shown by the very divisions and confusions of these days to be more than ever needful. We on our part, watching the signs of the times, exhorting and taking thought for the future, urged thereto by the example of Christ and the duty of our Apostolic office, have not ceased to pray, and still humbly pray, for the return of Christian nations, now divided from us, to the unity of former days. We have more than once of late years given expression to this object of our desires, and have devoted sedulous care to its realization. The time cannot be far distant when we must appear to render an account of our stewardship to the Prince of Pastors, and how happy, how blessed should we be if we could bring to Him some fruit—some realization of these our wishes which He has inspired and sustained. In these days our thoughts turn with love and hope to the English people, observing as we do the frequent and manifest works of Divine Grace in their midst:

how to some, it is plain, the confusion of religious dissensions which divide them is a cause of deep concern; how others see clearly the need of some sure defence against the inroad of modern errors which only too readily humour the wishes of fallen nature and depraved reason; how the number of those religious and discreet men, who sincerely labour much for reunion with the Catholic Church, is increasing. We can hardly say how strongly these and other signs quicken the charity of Christ in us, and redoubling our prayers from our inmost soul we call down a fuller measure of Divine Grace, which, poured out on minds so well disposed, may issue in the ardently desired fruit, the fruit, namely, that we may all meet into the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God (Eph. iv. 13), careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, one body and one Spirit; as you are called in one hope of your calling—one Lord, one faith, one baptism (ib. 3-5).

With loving heart, then, we turn to you all in England, to whatever community or institution you may belong, desiring to recall you to this holy unity. We beseech you, as you value your eternal salvation, to offer up humble and continuous prayer to God, our Heavenly Father, the Giver of all Light, who with gentle power impels us to the good and the right; and without ceasing to implore light to know the truth in all its fulness, and to embrace the designs of His mercy with single and entire faithfulness, calling upon the glorious name and merits of Jesus Christ, who is "the author and finisher of our faith" (Heb. xii. 2), who loved the Church and delivered Himself for it that He might sanctify it and might present it to Himself a glorious Church (Eph. v. 25-27). Difficulties there may be for us to face, but they are not of a nature which

should delay our apostolic zeal or stay your energy Ah, no doubt the many changes that have come about, and time itself, have caused the existing divisions to take deeper root. But is that a reason to give up all hope of remedy, reconciliation, and peace? By no means if God is with us. For we must not judge of such great issues from a human standpoint only, but rather must we look to the power and mercy of God. In great and arduous enterprises, provided they are undertaken with an earnest and right intent, God stands by man's side, and it is precisely in these difficulties that the action of His Providence shines forth with greatest splendour. The time is not far distant when thirteen centuries will have been completed since the English race welcomed those apostolic men sent, as we have said, from this very city of Rome, and, casting aside the pagan deities, dedicated the first fruits of its faith to Christ our Lord and God. This encourages our hope. It is, indeed, an event worthy to be remembered with public thanksgiving; would that this occasion might bring to all reflecting minds the memory of the faith then preached to your ancestors, the same which is now preached—Jesus Christ yesterday, to day and the same for ever, as the Apostle says (Heb. xiii. 8), who also most opportunely exhorts you, as he does all, to remember those first preachers "who have spoken the word of God" to you, whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation (ib. 7).

To the Catholics of England.

In such a cause we, first of all, call to our assistance as our allies the Catholics of England, whose faith and piety we know by experience. There can be no doubt that, weighing earnestly the value and

effects of holy prayer, the virtue of which we have truly declared, they will strive by every means to succour their fellow-countrymen and brethren by invoking in their behalf the Divine clemency. To pray for one's self is a need, to pray for others is a counsel of brotherly love; and it is plain that it is not prayer dictated by necessity so much as that inspired by fraternal charity which will find most favour in the sight of God. The first Christians undoubtedly adopted this practice. Especially in all that pertains to the gift of faith the early ages set us a striking example. Thus it was the custom to pray to God with ardour that relations, friends, rulers, and fellow-citizens might be blessed by a mind obedient to the Christian faith (S. Aug. de dono persev. xxiii. 63).

And in regard to this there is another matter which gives us anxiety. We have heard that in England there are some who, being Catholics in name, do not show themselves so in practice; and that in your great towns there are vast numbers of people who know not the elements of the Christian faith, who never pray to God, and live in ignorance of His justice and of His mercy. We must pray to God, and pray yet more earnestly in this sad condition of things, since He alone can effect a remedy. May He show the measures proper to be taken; may He sustain the courage and strength of those who labour at this arduous task: may He deign to send labourers into His harvest.

Whilst we so earnestly press upon our children the duty of prayer, we desire at the same time to warn them that they should not suffer themselves to be wanting in anything that pertains to the grace and the fruit of prayer, and that they should have ever before their minds the precept of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians: "Be without offence to the Jews and the

Gentiles, and to the Church of God" (1 Cor. x. 32). For besides those interior dispositions of soul necessary for rightly offering prayer to God, it is also needful that they should be accompanied by actions and by words befitting the Christian profession—first of all, and chiefly, the exemplary observance of uprightness and justice, of pitifulness for the poor, of penance, of peace and concord in your own houses, of respect for the law—these are what will give force and efficacy to your prayers. Mercy favours the petition of those who in all justice study and carry out the precepts of Christ, according to His promise: "If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you shall ask whatever you will and it shall be done unto you" (St. John xi. 7). And therefore do we exhort you that, uniting your prayer with ours, your great desire may now be that God will grant you to welcome your fellow citizens and brethren in the bond of perfect charity. Moreover, it is profitable to implore the help of the Saints of God, the efficacy of whose prayers, specially in such a cause as this, is shown in that pregnant remark of St. Augustine as to St. Stephen: "If holy Stephen had not prayed, the Church to-day would have had no Paul."

Invocation of England's Saints for Mary's Dowry.

We therefore humbly call on St. Gregory, whom the English have ever rejoiced to greet as the Apostle of their race, on Augustine his disciple and his messenger, and on those other Saints of God, through whose wonderful virtues and no less wonderful deeds England has merited the title of "Island of the Saints;" on St. Peter and St. George, those special patrons, and above all on Mary, the Holy Mother of God, whom Christ

Himself from the Cross left to be the mother of mankind, to whom your kingdom was dedicated by your forefathers under that glorious title "The Dowry of Mary." All these with full confidence we call upon to be our pleaders before the Throne of God that, renewing the glory of ancient days, He may "fill you with all joy and peace in believing: that you may abound in hope and in the power of the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xv. 13). Care should be taken that the prayers for unity already established amongst you Catholics on certain fixed days should be made more popular and recited with greater devotion. Especially that the pious practice of the Holy Rosary, which we ourselves have so strongly recommended, should flourish, for it contains as it were a summary of the Gospel teaching, and has always been a most salutary institution for the people at large. Moreover, we are pleased of our own will and authority to add still another to the sacred Indulgences which have been granted from time to time by our predecessors. We grant, that is, to all those who piously recite the prayer appended to this letter, to whatever nation they may belong, an Indulgence of 300 days; moreover, a Plenary Indulgence once a month on the observance of the usual conditions to those who have recited it daily.

Finally, may the Divine prayer of Christ Himself for unity fill up the full measure of our desires, a prayer which on this day, through the Mystery of His most Holy Resurrection, we repeat with the utmost confidence: "Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me; that they might be one as We also are one. . . . Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. . . . And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me, that all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in

Thee, that they also may be one in Us. . . . I in them and Thou in Me; that they might be made perfect in one; and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me and hast loved them as Thou hast also loved Me" (St. John xvii. 11, 17, 20, 21, 23).

Finally, we desire all manner of blessings from God for the whole of the British people, and with all our heart we pray that those who seek the kingdom of Christ and salvation in the unity of faith may enter on the full realization of their desires.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome on the 14th of April, 1895, in the 18th year of our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our most gentle Queen and Mother, look down in mercy upon England thy "Dowry" and upon us all who greatly hope and trust in thee. By thee it was that Jesus, our Saviour and our hope, was given unto the world; and He has given thee to us that we might hope still more. Plead for us thy children, whom thou didst receive and accept at the foot of the Cross, O sorrowful Mother. Intercede for our separated brethren, that with us in the one true fold they may be united to the Supreme Shepherd, the Vicar of thy Son. Pray for us all, dear Mother, that by faith fruitful in good works we may all deserve to see and praise God, together with thee, in our heavenly home. Amen.

[300 days' Indulgence: plenary once a month.]

St. Frances of Rome.

(1384-1440.)

St. Frances was born in 1384, in the part of Rome known as the Pariona, close to the Piazza Navona, and she was baptized in the church dedicated to St. Agnes. Pope Urban VI. occupied the chair of St. Peter at that time, and the dreadful Western Schism which rent the Church for so many years was just beginning. It was destined to have great influence on the life of St. Francesca and to cause her great trials, but she did not live to see its end. Her father Paolo Busco and her mother Jacobilla dei Roffredeschi were both of noble birth and possessed large fortunes. Thus the child Francesca was surrounded from her earliest years with all the luxuries and amusement befitting her rank, but the natural seriousness of her mind was not slow to assert itself even amid such unfavourable surroundings.

Francesca was very precocious in all things. She read almost as soon as she could speak, and would repeat after her mother the office of our Lady when she was but a year old. Her parents, who were devoted to her, allowed her much liberty, and she divided her time between work and prayer.

As she grew older, Francesca became more and more

anxious to follow in the footsteps of her Lord. Unable on account of her extreme youth to work for the salvation of others, she determined to make the sacrifice of her wishes and of her tastes to God, and to mortify her body by some suffering imposed upon herself of her own free will, seeking in this way the more to resemble Him. She had barely reached her seventh year, when she resolved to devote her life to the service of God in a religious order. Before announcing her intention to her parents, she consulted her confessor, Dom Antonio di Monte Savello, a Benedictine of Monte Oliveto, to whose spiritual care she had been intrusted by her mother, and in whom she had great confidence. Dom Antonio advised her strongly to wait, and to make trial of her strength by following the rule of one of the most severe orders. Francesca joyfully acquiesced, and forthwith applied herself with great zeal to mortifications of all kinds; she already wore a hair shirt with Dom Antonio's permission, and she now rose in the night to pray, practising with great exactitude all the austerities enjoined by the rule.

Four years later, at the age of eleven, Francesca made known to her parents her determination to become a nun. Paolo Busco and his wife were much distressed at the intelligence, for although themselves good and religious people, they were not prepared to part with the child to whom they were so devotedly attached, and whose saintly life excited their loving admiration. Busco refused to give his consent on account of her great youth, and Francesca, understanding how reasonable was the objection, and hoping that her father would gradually become more reconciled to the idea of losing her, returned to her life of prayer and self-sacrifice.

A year had scarcely elapsed however, when her father gave her to understand that the young Lorenzo Ponziano had asked her hand in marriage, and that he had consented to the betrothal. Francesca was overcome with grief and fear at the thought of a life so different

from the one she had so long and so ardently desired. Throwing herself at her father's feet she clung sobbing to his knees, and implored him not to insist on her marriage, or at all events to defer it. But her father remained firm, reminding her gently of the obedience she owed him, and at length she consented to submit to his wishes. Retiring to her room she knelt before her crucifix in an agony of distress, and prayed with all the fervour of her soul that God would raise some obstacle to the union she dreaded and that he would grant her the grace to remain always His spouse. But God in His wisdom had other designs.

When Francesca's grief had somewhat abated, she went to the church of Santa Maria Nuova to see her confessor, to confide to him her troubles and to seek his advice. Dom Antonio comforted her and promised to pray for guidance, though at the same time feeling inwardly convinced that the child was destined to be a model of that perfection which is possible of attainment by a woman living in the world. He spoke encouragingly to her, pointing out that if her parents persisted in their desire for her marriage, it would be a sign not only that it was God's will, but also that it was her duty to obey. "Is not life a sacrifice at all times?" added the monk, "look well to the cause of your troubles: of what do you complain my daughter? Is it of the fulfilment of the divine will, or is it of the failure of your own hopes? Take courage, child! have but one thought, that of pleasing God, and if He refuses you the glory of being His spouse, be His faithful servant in whatever state He may place you."

Francesca returned home much struck with these words, for she understood now that the entire sacrifice of her will to God would be of much greater value than any sacrifices which she might have voluntarily undertaken. She prayed with increased fervour and multiplied her austerities, and six weeks later, when her father again spoke to her of her marriage, expressed herself quite ready to comply with his wishes, begging only that a

short time might be allowed her to prepare for the sacrament of matrimony, which was to be the beginning of such an important change in her life.

Lorenzo Ponziano di Ponziani (or Pontianis according to some authors) belonged to a family, one of whose members was said by tradition to have been the martyr, Pope St. Pontianus, and was in every way fitted to be the husband of Francesca. His elder brother Paluzzo was already married to Pannozza of the family of Santa Croce, who became later on Francesca's greatest friend and constant companion.

The marriage was celebrated amid great festivities, and all the principal people of Rome went to congratulate Lorenzo on having obtained a wife in every sense worthy of him, not only on account of her illustrious birth and great fortune, but also on account of her many virtues. The guests admired the gentle smiling face and the rich apparel of the young wife of Ponziano, who understood so well the art of saying kind and gracious things to everyone; but Francesca concealed a sad and heavy heart beneath this calm exterior, and under her splendid wedding clothes and ornaments, she still wore her hair shirt. The child—she was but thirteen years of age when she became the wife of Lorenzo Ponziano—had great difficulty in becoming reconciled to her new life, but the remembrance of the duty she owed her husband helped her to overcome her sorrow, and she soon began to do all that lay in her power to please him and to please his parents, Don Andrea and Donna Cecilia.

Vannozza, Francesca's young sister-in-law, proved her greatest comforter. One day, having discovered Francesca weeping bitterly in her room, Vannozza asked her gently the cause of her grief, and Francesca confided to her what had been the hope and desire of her life. Vannozza embraced her, tried to console her, and told her that she too preferred a life of retirement and of prayer, and that if Francesca would consent, she would like to join her in living according to her rule and that

they could try together to lead a perfect life, even though it were impossible for them to retire from the world. Francesca was overjoyed at this proposal, and from that time forth their austerities were practised in common. Lorenzo and Paluzzo, who had great admiration for their wives, left them entirely at liberty to regulate their lives as they desired. Clad in poor and simple garments, they visited all the little alleys and bye-ways of Rome, in search of suffering to alleviate and of sorrows to console. They were not content merely to send alms from the abundance of their wealth, but they also ministered personally to the wants of the poor, and cheered them with their loving sympathy.

Francesca's health, however, had been much affected by her anguish of mind, and she fell seriously ill, to the great affliction of her husband's family and of her own parents. Don Paolo was especially distressed, as he could not but feel that her illness was due to his insistence on her marriage. The most skilful doctors in Rome failed to understand her malady, and none of them being able to give her relief, little hope was entertained of her recovery. Some friends of the Ponziani family, being convinced that the illness was occasioned by some evil influence having been cast over Lorenzo's wife, tried to persuade them to have recourse to a witch whose incantations were believed to have great effect in charming away disease of all kinds. Francesca protested most indignantly against such wickedness, and shortly afterwards her illness left her and she rapidly regained her strength. The improvement was however only temporary; the same unaccountable disease again developed, and this time all her limbs were paralysed and she lost the power of speaking. For a year she lay in great suffering, unable to move without assistance, yet calm and happy, and quite resigned to the will of God. Again the Ponziani were advised to try magic, and this time they were persuaded to allow the witch to enter the room where Francesca lay. As soon as the Saint had recognized her visitor, she sat up erect in her bed

without any help, and called out in a clear strong voice: "Begone, thou servant of Satan, and never venture to enter these walls again!" Exhausted by the exertion, she fell back almost unconscious, and lay in a kind of stupor till the night was far advanced. Her attendants and Vannozza had fallen asleep worn out by fatigue, when suddenly a bright light shone forth in the room, and St. Alexis appeared to the Saint in a vision. He told her that he had been sent by God to ask her whether she were prepared to die, or whether she wished to be cured; and Francesca replied that she had no other wish than that the will of God might be entirely fulfilled. St. Alexis intimated to her that it was God's will that she should recover, in order that her life might conduce to His greater honour and glory; then casting his cloak over her, he disappeared. Immediately afterwards Francesca felt that her strength had been quite restored to her; rising from her bed she dressed herself and going to a neighbouring room she called gently to Vannozza and told her of her miraculous cure, begging her to get up at once and go with her to return thanks to God. They left the Palazzo Ponziani without disturbing any of its numerous inhabitants and made their way to the church of Saint Alexis on the Aventine. On their return, Francesca, who walked as firmly and as steadily as if she had never been ill, was received as one risen from the dead.

After this the two friends again resumed their life of prayer and good works. They arranged two little oratories, one at the very top of the house, and the other in the most unfrequented part of the garden, where they could pray and meditate undisturbed. Day after day they went to the hospital of Santo Spirito in Sassia to tend the sick, always selecting those who were suffering from the most repulsive diseases, as the special objects of their charity and tenderness. Francesca much grieved by the misery and distress with which she saw herself surrounded, and, appealed to on all sides for assistance, was most desirous of selling all

her rich clothes and jewels that she might increase the means at her disposal for the relief of the poor; but Dom Antonio, whom she consulted on the subject would not hear of it; he objected to all singularity in virtue, and thought it right that she should be attired in a way that was suitable to her rank.

Francesca suffered much all her life from violent temptations, and Almighty God allowed Satan to try the faith of His servant by visible manifestations and even by grievous bodily assaults. At times she was tormented with hideous visions of all things horrible, and then again the visions would assume most alluring and enticing appearances, but the saint remained steadfast through it all, and the temptations proved but stepping-stones to greater virtues, for by resisting them so valiantly she became worthy to obtain even greater favours and graces from God. One very hot day in July, as she and Vannozza were returning from St. Peter's at about noon, being overcome by the heat they went down to the Tiber to bathe their faces and refresh themselves with a little water; just as they were leaning over the edge Francesca felt a heavy blow from an invisible hand which knocked her over into the river, and Vannozza, whose hand she was holding, fell in also. The stream was very strong; before they could make any effort to reach the bank, the current had carried them far out into the middle of the river and it seemed quite inevitable that they would both be drowned, as no human aid was at hand; but they called upon God for help, and immediately found themselves safe and unhurt upon dry land.

The two friends also experienced some resistance to their way of life from their mother-in-law, Donna Cecilia, who, being afraid that their austerities would injure their health, and thinking moreover that their retired life might bring discredit on the family, appealed to Lorenzo and Palluzzo for their support and authority in her endeavour to induce her daughters-in-law to be present more frequently at the entertainments given by

people of their rank. But her sons were so well satisfied with the exemplary conduct of their young wives that they would not allow them to be disturbed, and Francesca and Vannozza continued their hidden life of charity and prayer.

In this way Francesca had reached her sixteenth year, and it was about that time that she began to receive sensible bodily corrections from her guardian angel. Whenever there was the least imperfection in her conduct, she immediately felt a mysterious blow which warned her of her fault. From a false sense of humility she resolved to conceal from Dom Antonio all the wonderful visions she had had, when suddenly just as she had begun her confession she was felled to the ground by a severe blow. The priest much astonished, as there was no visible cause for her fall, asked her to explain it, and when Francesca had given him a full description of all her supernatural experiences, Dom Antonio pointed out to her that the danger there was of her falling into the sin of pride, by overestimating herself on account of these graces, was much increased by concealing them from her confessor. Frencesca was very penitent, and promised never again to withhold any of her visions from him.

In the year 1400, at the beginning of the dreadful war between Louis of Anjou aud Ladislas Durazzo, who fought for the succession of the crown of Naples, Francesca's eldest son was born, to the great joy of Lorenzo and of all his family. He was baptized in the Church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere and received the name of Giovanni Battista. For a time Francesca relaxed her austerities, by the advice of her confessor, that she might the more easily attend to her maternal duties. Contrary to the usual custom of noble Roman ladies, she nursed the child herself, and would entrust him to the care of no one else, trying to train him in virtuous habits from the very first. Before he could speak she would repeat the Our Father and Hail Mary to him every day, and she endeavoured to turn his earliest

thoughts to God. The little Battista was but a few weeks old when his grandfather Paolo Busco died and a year later Francesca lost her mother-in-law. After the death of Donna Cecilia, Don Andrea and his sons resolved to make over to Francesca the direction of the household, and the management of the servants. Lorenzo's wife was most unwilling to undertake such a charge; she pleaded her inexperience and Vannozza's undoubted right of precedence as the wife of the elder brother, but it was of no avail: they one and all, Vannozza included, entreated her to accept the post and she was obliged to give way in the end. The Saint's duties were thus increased to a very great extent, but she managed to fulfil them each and all with the greatest care and zeal, finding time besides for her many prayers and meditations and for innumerable works of charity. As mistress of the house she was ever most kind and considerate to all, requiring nevertheless that each member of the household should be exact in the fulfilment of his or her respective duties. Her care was unremitting both of their bodies and of their souls. If any of her servants fell ill, she would nurse them with the greatest solicitude and tenderness, passing whole nights by their bedsides and ministering both to their spiritual and to their bodily needs.

A year had scarcely elapsed since Francesca had undertaken the managements of her father-in-law's house, when Rome was visited by a fearful famine and pestilence, the result of the terrible civil war which was devastating Italy. People were dying in the streets of the city without food or shelter, a prey to one of the most horrible diseases our flesh is heir to. Francesca's heart was torn with pity at the sights and sounds by which she was surrounded. With unremitting ardour she toiled, and, aided by Vannozza, she strove to relieve all those who came to her for help. The Ponziani were rich, their palace was well stocked with provisions, and the Saint gave strict injunctions that none should be turned away empty handed. She dis-

tributed corn, bread, wine, oil and clothes with so lavish a hand to the sufferers, that the prudent Don Andrea got alarmed. Thinking to prevent further extravagance he sold all the corn in his granaries and all the wine in his cellars except a very small amount, just sufficient for the wants of the household. Francesca and Vannozza had come to the end of their own slender resources, and still the famine showed no signs of abating: crowds of famished wretches besieged the palace gates and the two friends had nothing left to give them. It was then that they took the heroic resolution of going themselves to beg from door to door, to obtain a few of the necessaries of life for the starving and the plague-stricken: day after day they went bravely on in spite of the sneers and the rebuffs which met them at every turn, yet even with their utmost endeavours they were only able to relieve a small portion of the suffering around them.

On one occasion, when Francesca had finished the distribution of her daily alms and there still remained several poor for whom she had no food, she suddenly remembered that a quantity of straw had been left lying in a corner of the granary and that possibly a few grains of corn might be found beneath it; calling to Vannozza and to her women, she told them of her happy inspiration and asked their help in her laborious undertaking. After some hours' diligent search among the straw they had been able to collect a whole measure of wheat and were bearing it away in triumph when Lorenzo came to seek his wife; he uttered an exclamation of surprise, which caused them all to turn round, for there upon the floor, where the straw had been, lay forty measures of yellow grain. Another time some poor priests and monks came to Francesca well-nigh exhausted, to ask for a little wine to sustain them in their labours among the sick and the dying, but the cellars of the Ponziani Palace had long been empty, and the last remains of the butt reserved for the use of the family had been consumed.

Nevertheless the Saint, whose faith in God was as boundless as her compassion for the sufferings of others, was not cast down, but taking up a jug hastened to the cellar and herself turned on the tap of the empty cask; immediately there flowed forth abundance of delicious wine. Don Andrea and his son, who had followed her curious to see what she would do, were so much struck with admiration at this wonderful miracle, that they gave her full authority over their entire property, promising never again to demur at the extent of her charities. Francesca much rejoiced, availed herself instantly of this permission to sell all her rich clothes and valuable jewels, and from that time forward she always wore a coarse serge dress.

In the year 1404 Francesca's second son was born. He was christened Giovanni Evangelista, and from his earliest childhood he possessed the most marvellous supernatural gifts. An old chronicler thus describes him: "Evangelista was old in mind, small in body, great in soul, resplendent in beauty, pure as an angel." At the age of three the child was endowed with the gift of prophecy, foretelling events which afterwards came to pass, and he already showed that same tender compassion for the poor and the suffering which had ever distinguished his holy mother. Evangelista was not quite three years old when his sister Agnese was born. Soon after the birth of her daughter Francesca had a vision which she understood to mean that the child was destined for a religious life. With this end in view, the little Agnese was encouraged in her love of a life of retirement and of prayer, and as she grew older she developed the same radiant beauty as Evangelista, and the same supernatural gifts.

When Francesca was about twenty-seven her temporal trials began. In 1408 the troops of Ladislas of Naples, the ally of the anti-pope, had obtained a footing in Rome, and he had appointed the Count of Troja, a rough soldier of fortune, governor of the city. The Ponziani family had ever been firm supporters of the

legitimately elected Pope, Alexander V., who in his turn had formed an alliance with Louis of Anjou, Ladislas' adversary; and the rival factions met constantly in hand to hand conflicts in the streets of Rome. In one of these affrays, Lorenzo, who was leading the papal troops, was severely wounded, and was carried back to the Ponziani Palace as one dead. Francesca's anguish was great, but overcoming herself immediately, she thought only of how she could best relieve and console the wounded man; her great experience in nursing and in dressing wounds proved of much service, and after a long and tedious illness Lorenzo recovered. Meanwhile the Count of Troja's position had become untenable, and he resolved to leave Rome; wishing however to wreak his vengeance on the leaders of the papal party, he arrested Paluzzo Ponziano, and learning that Lorenzo had a son of eight or nine years, he ordered him to be delivered up as an hostage, threatening the immediate execution of Paluzzo should his orders be disobeyed.

Francesca's grief and horror knew no bounds; for a short time her maternal terrors overcame her confidence in God. Flight alone she thought could save her son from the power of the tyrant whose wickedness was well known to all. Taking the little Battista by the hand she left the palace secretly and was making her way to one of the gates through the most unfrequented streets, when she was met by Dom Antonio. Her confessor questioned her as to the reason of her flight, and she told him of her son's danger. The priest, inspired by God bade her take the child to the Capitol, and go herself to the church of Ara Cœli; for an instant the Saint's faith wavered, but her habit of obedience and her great trust in God soon overcame her momentary weakness. Without a word she led Battista to the Capitol and herself delivered him over to the Count of Troja; then, overcome with anguish, she retired to the church hard by, and lay prostrate before our Lady's

altar, imploring her intercession. In the meantime the Governor had ordered the removal of the boy to a distant fortress, and the knight charged with this duty had lifted Battista to the saddle in front of him; but nothing would induce his horse to move. After several riders had tried in vain to conquer its obstinacy with whip and spur, other horses were brought forward, but with the same result; as soon as the young Ponziano had mounted, the horses stood as if rooted to the ground, and the Count of Troja, much frightened at this wonderful manifestation of divine interposition, gave orders that the boy should at once be restored to his mother.

At the accession of the new Pope, John XXIII., in 1410, fresh disturbances broke out. The Cardinals had assembled at Bologna for the election, and Ladislas, seizing the opportunity, had occupied Rome and had given it over to so terrible a sack and pillage, that the city was left in almost as great a state of desolation as it had been in ancient times after the incursions of the Goths and of the Huns. Lorenzo Ponziano, as one of the chief leaders of the papal party, went in danger of his life, and being urged to flight by his friends, he left Rome secretly and alone, no means having been found to enable his wife and children to accompany him. Left thus unprotected, calamity upon calamity befel Francesca. The Ponziani Palace was plundered amid scenes of the greatest confusion and disorder, and the Saint's little son, Giovanni Battista, was torn from his mother's arms and carried away a captive by Ladislas' brutal soldiers. All the possessions of the family out on the Campagna were ruthlessly destroyed, their flocks and herds seized, and their shepherds killed. More grieved at the thought of the little they were now able to do for others, than alarmed at their own state of destitution, Francesca and Vannozza lived in retirement in a corner of the palace, devoting their time to the care of Evangelista and Agnese and to their many good works. Of the little produce that was still brought in to them from their country estates, by far the larger

part went to feed the poor and the hungry, and they themselves were often without the barest necessaries of life.

Three years later, when Evangelista was nine years old, Rome was visited by a terrible famine and pestilence. Several cases of the dreadful malady occurred in the Ponziani Palace, and in his turn Evangelista was stricken with the disease. The Saint was again called upon to make a great sacrifice, for from the beginning there was little hope of the boy's recovery. Evangelista's death was as angelic as his life had been; after having asked for Dom Antonio to confess his sins, he called his mother to his bedside and bade her not grieve for him, telling her that he should pray for her in heaven, and that she would soon rejoin him there. Francesca allowed herself but little time to mourn her child's death, unceasing demands being made both upon her time and upon her resources. The two friends laboured with unremitting zeal among the sick and dying, dressing the dreadful sores of their patients, and attending not only to their physical wants, but trying by every means in their power to win the souls of the impenitent back to God. As the need increased Francesca and Vanozza turned the lower story of the palace into a temporary hospital, themselves carrying in such of the plague-stricken as were too weak to crawl so far.

It was at this time that God rewarded His faithful servant by giving her the power of healing in a miraculous degree. Many cases of cures wrought by the touch of her hands and by her prayers were attested at the time of her canonization. The fame of her miracles spread through Rome. Although Francesca rejoiced at a gift which enabled her to relieve so much suffering, her humility was much disturbed by it, and she endeavoured to conceal the power given her by attributing extraordinary healing properties to an ointment which she compounded of oil and of wax, and which was afterwards declared by the physicians to have no healing power whatever.

About a year after her son's death, as the Saint was one day praying in her oratory, a wonderful light suddenly shone in the room, and Evangelista appeared to his mother in the midst of the brightness, accompanied by an angel. Francesca was at first much dazzled and bewildered, but she soon recognised her son and endeavoured to embrace him; without effect however, his glorified body being impalpable. Evangelista told her how happy he was in heaven among the angels praising God unceasingly; he also told her that he had been sent to announce to her the approaching death of his little sister Agnese, and that God had appointed the archangel that accompanied him to be her guide and director for the future; then greeting her affectionately he disappeared. From that time forth the angel was always visible to Francesca, though unseen by others. Whenever she committed the least fault he would hide his face in grief, and she immediately became aware of the slightest imperfection in her motives by the saddened look on his face.

Agnese began to fade and droop soon after her mother's vision, and Francesca understood that yet another sacrifice was required of her. She attended upon the child with great tenderness, and even with reverence, as upon one who was so soon to appear before her Maker. A year later Agnese died and was laid by her brother's side in the vault of the church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere.

In 1414, Pope John XXIII. was prevailed upon after many delays to summon the Council of Constance, the outcome of which was the healing of the schism that had so long distracted Christendom, by the election of Pope Martin V. Rome was also freed from the terrors of constant invasions by the unexpected death of Ladislas, which occurred near Perugia on August 5, 1414, while he was on his way to attack Bologna. Peace being thus restored, the city breathed once more, plague and famine disappeared, and commerce and agriculture began to flourish. But before Francesca

could rejoice at this new state of things, she was herself laid low by the same terrible pestilence that had carried off both her children. The sorrows, the sufferings and the privations she had so long experienced had so undermined her strength that she grew rapidly worse and her condition was soon pronounced to be hopeless. Deserted by all but Vannozza, by those even whom she had rescued from the streets and had nursed so devotedly, blamed and reproached by her friends for having harboured the plague-stricken, Francesca lay at the point of death; but the Saint's faith and trust never wavered for a moment; she thanked God that the struggle was so soon to be over, and rejoiced at the thought of reunion with Evangelista and Agnese. She followed her rule of life as far as possible on her sick bed, and even tried to inflict severe penances upon herself, until they were forbidden by her director. But the work of Francesca's life was not yet accomplished and God did not see fit to call His servant. The disease suddenly left her, and she began gradually to recover her strength. It was during this illness that she one day had a dreadful vision; hell was revealed to her in all its terrors, and so vivid was the impression it made upon her, so appalling were the scenes she witnessed, that she could never afterwards speak of it without tears and trembling.

Lorenzo Ponziano and his son Battista were able at length to return, but only to find their home desolate, Lorenzo was overwhelmed with grief when he learnt the death of his children, but Francesca gently comforted him, telling him of Evangelista's happiness and of the presence of the angel, and from that time forward he lived in great retirement, devoting most of his time to religious exercises and to works of charity. Francesca by her prayers and her gentle remonstrances, was the means of reconciling him to his greatest enemy, a man who had deeply injured him, and against whom he nourished most vindictive feelings. Indeed so great was by this time the Saint's renown in the city on ac-

count of her virtues and of her miracles, that her influence was almost unbounded, and she was appealed to on all sides for the settlement of disputes and the adjustment of feuds.

Notwithstanding the great graces she received, Francesca never for a moment wavered in rendering the most exact obedience both to her husband and to her confessor, and this unquestioning obedience was at various times rewarded with visible signs of the divine approval. On one occasion when praying in her oratory, she was summoned by Lorenzo on the most trivial pretexts four times in succession. Each time she went back, and recommenced her prayers without the slightest sign of impatience or annoyance; but when she returned for the fourth time, she found the sentence she had been reading, written in letters of gold.

Their son Giovanni Battista had by this time attained his eighteenth year, and Lorenzo, wishing to see him married and settled before his own death which he felt to be not far distant, chose for him as wife a young girl called Mobilia, his equal in rank and of very prepossessing manners and appearance. But unfortunately Mobilia had a very violent and overbearing temper, and from the first conceived a great dislike to her mother-in-law, who on her side, tried by the greatest kindness and forbearance to win her regard. The poverty of Francesca's appearance, her humility and the inconveniences to which her boundless charities at times put the household, were alike so many causes of complaint to Mobilia; she never tired of abusing her in unmeasured terms to her husband and her father-in-law, and did not even scruple to rail at her in public. Lorenzo and Battista were much distressed and tried to soften her by telling her of Francesca's great virtues and of her miracles, but their intervention was of no avail, and Mobilia's heart seemed only to grow the harder. One day, the Ponziani family being all assembled in the great hall of the Palace, Mobilia began as usual to upbraid her mother-in-law, but all at once she became silent, her

limbs began to tremble, a deathlike pallor overspread her countenance and she fell back in a fainting condition. She was supported by Francesca and Vannozza, who laid her on a couch, but although she soon recovered consciousness, she became a prey to the most violent pains. Francesca remained by her bedside begging her to be patient and to offer her sufferings to God, when suddenly Mobilia's eyes seemed to be opened to the enormity of her conduct; weeping bitterly she implored the Saint's pardon, attributing all her faults to the dreadful pride of her nature, and begging the Saint to pray for her and to cure her. Francesca took her in her arms and blessed her, and the pains at once vanished. From that time forward Mobilia was an altered being, her admiration and affection for her mother-in-law knew no bounds, and she endeavoured in all things to imitate her.

Relieved of her many domestic duties, Francesca's thoughts once more turned to the dream of her youth, the consecration of her life to God in religion. Lorenzo, whose admiration for his saintly wife grew ever greater, offered to release her from all the obligations of matrimony, and to leave her perfect freedom as to the regulation of her life and conduct, on condition that she should never leave him and always help him with her counsels and example. Francesca assented joyfully, seeing in this greater freedom the partial realization of her wishes. It was about this time that she formed the project of instituting a sort of religious society or confraternity among her devoted friends and companions. Dom Antonio approved of the plan, and obtained the consent of his Superior to the affiliation of the new society to the Order of the Benedictines of Monte Oliveto, of which he himself was a member. The associates were to live in the world and to be bound by no vows, making instead a simple offering of themselves to God. No special duties were imposed on them, Dom Antonio their director only enjoining a more strict mode of life and the diligent practice of all

Christian virtues. They acquired the name of Oblates in consequence of the term used in their solemn act of consecration, which was spoken of as an oblation *(oblatio)* and not according to ordinary usage as a profession *(professio)*. They were known at first as Oblates of Mary, later on as Oblates of Tor de Specchi, from the name of their house; and from the very beginning they looked up to Francesca as their spiritual mother and head.

On the feast of our Lady's Assumption 1425, Francesca, Vannozza, and eight of their companions after confession and communion, pronounced the solemn act of consecration in the little church of Santa Maria Nuova in the Forum. Such was the commencement of the Saint's future order.

Francesca, although now an Oblate, continued to devote the greater part of her time to her husband, whose health was failing, and to her children, and remained as ever a model wife and mother. The Saint's love of holy poverty had increased with her other virtues; she always wore the coarsest sackcloth garments and lived entirely on vegetables and bread, yet in her zeal for mortifications of all kinds she never tried to inflict them on others, but sought rather to conceal her own austerities under a smiling and joyful exterior, and the house and table of the Ponziani were always conducted on a scale befitting their rank.

In 1426 Francesca left the city of her birth for the first and only time in her life. She had long desired to make a pilgrimage to Assisi, the birthplace of the great apostle of poverty, St. Francis, and having with some difficulty obtained the consent of Lorenzo and Paluzzo, she set out one hot July day, accompanied by Vannozza and Rita Celli, another of the Oblates. They had resolved to go the whole way on foot, without taking money or provisions with them, in conformity with the Franciscan spirit of poverty, and they hoped to arrive at Assisi by the 2nd of August in time for the great indulgence of the Portiuncula. The heat was

very great, especially when they reached the Umbrian plain; and at length, weary and footsore, parched with thirst and well-nigh fainting, they came within sight of the dome of Santa Maria degli Angeli and of the little white town on the hill. While in this plight and as they were pausing to take breath, an old man of venerable appearance, clad in the Franciscan habit, accosted them and spoke to them with such fervour of our Lord's Passion and of the Sorrows of Mary, that Francesca thought to recognize in him the holy patriarch Francis. The friar seeing their distressed condition, bade them enter an orchard close at hand by the roadside, and throwing up his stick into a pear tree, brought down some fruit of such exceptional size and refreshing coolness, that their thirst was soon assuaged; but when they turned to express their gratitude the old man had disappeared. Francesca then told her companions that she was convinced it was St. Francis himself who had come to their assistance and that she had seen her angel's countenance shining with unwonted radiance the whole time the patriarch had been with them. Soon after this they reached the sanctuary—the chapel, little more than a hut, repaired by St. Francis' own hands, which now stands in the midst of a great basilica and is visited yearly by thousands of pilgrims. Next morning, after the three companions had received Holy Communion in the little chapel and had remained some time in prayer, Francesca had a vision encouraging her to proceed with the foundation of her new community; then going up the hill they visited the birthplace of the saint, the sites connected with his history and that of St. Clare, and finally his tomb in the great triple church of St. Francis.

On their return to Rome, Francesca found to her great grief that her friend and director Dom Antonio Savello had died in her absence. He had given her the most valuable counsels and assistance in the organization of her new congregation, and she felt his loss all the more deeply at a time when she con-

templated the development of that congregation into a permanent religious order, a step which was certain to be beset with difficulties of all kinds. Sensible of the great importance of her choice of a director at such a time, Francesca had recourse as usual to prayer, and after much deliberation decided to confide her difficulties to Dom Giovanni Mattiotti, canon and priest of the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, a man of irreproachable life, but of rather an irresolute character.

Francesca often suffered much from his vacillation and indecision, especially with regard to the guidance of the Oblates, yet it served but to increase her patience and humility, and she always obeyed the most contradictory of his commands with the same cheerful abandonment of her will to God as she had shown all through her life. By his orders she gave him a full and detailed account of all the supernatural revelations made to her, and of these he kept a faithful record in writing.

In July 1430 the Saint was warned by a vision of the war and strife which were so soon again to disturb Rome and Christendom; she recounted the details of this vision to several persons, and the wonderful accuracy of her foreknowledge was afterwards vouched for by them, as her prophecies were confirmed by the course of events. Pope Martin V., who had done so much towards the healing of the schism and the peaceful settlement of other disputes, died early in the year 1431, and was succeeded on the Papal throne by Eugenius IV. A report that he had left considerable hidden treasure was made use of by the Colonnas, one of the most powerful of the great Roman families, as a pretext for the renewal of hostilities. Pope Eugenius was besieged in the church of the Holy Apostles where he had taken refuge, and it was with great difficulty that he managed to escape from them, disguised as a monk. He fled to Bologna, and some time afterwards sent a legate to Rome who was able to establish some sort of a peace among the various rival factions. Eugenius himself remained in the north

of Italy, engaged with the preparations for summoning a council.

While Rome was thus once more distracted by civil war and its attendant calamities, another great trial was in store for Francesca: she was to lose the friend of her youth, one who had always taken part in all her sufferings and in all good works. Her faithful companion and sister Vannozza lay at the point of death. The Saint, ever forgetful of herself and of her own sorrow, nursed and consoled her friend with all the tenderness of which such a nature is capable, and when, as the end approached, Vannozza was assailed and tormented by grievous temptations, Francesca remained praying by her side, exhorting her to patience and to fortitude till her spirit had passed away in peace. Vannozza was buried in the church of Santa Croce in a vault belonging to her own family, and was followed to the grave by hundreds of the poor people she had relieved and comforted, all striving to get a last glimpse of the face of one whom they had so loved, or to carry away a morsel of her garments as a remembrance of all she had been to them. When the funeral was over Francesca remained praying in the church and was rapt in an ecstacy in sight of all the people; but her confessor Dom Giovanni Mattiotti bidding her arise and go to the sick in the hospitals, she immediately complied, her obedience being so perfect that even the delights of heavenly contemplation had no power to make her deviate from the most scrupulous performance of her duties.

After Vannozza's death the Saint's visions and ecstacies became much more frequent, and as they all pointed more or less to the fulfilment of her plans with regard to the foundation of a regular community, she began to be very anxious for their accomplishment. Dom Giovanni Mattiotti, Fra Bartolommeo Bondi, and Dom Ippolito, the sub-prior of the Benedictines of Monte Oliveto, were revealed to her as her coadjutors in the work.

A small house called Tor de Specchi was taken for the

new Congregation, close to the Capitol and not far from the church of Santa Maria Nuova, which the Oblates continued for some time to frequent, not having at first a chapel of their own. A code of rules was drawn up, based on the rule of St. Benedict, to whose order the Oblates were affiliated, and Francesca being herself unable to reside at Tor de Specchi on account of her promise to her husband Lorenzo, appointed Agnese de Lellis superioress, to undertake the direct management of the community in her absence. Trials and difficulties however soon arose. Some of the Olivetan monks disapproved of the affiliation of the Oblates to their order, saying that Dom Ippolito had exceeded his powers in allowing a married woman to participate in their privileges, but the matter having been referred to the head of the Benedictine order, he pronounced in favour of the affiliation after a careful examination of Francesca as to the means and scope of her work. The Saint was now most anxious to obtain the Holy Father's sanction and blessing on her undertaking, and urged Dom Giovanni, who was personally known to Eugenius, to draw up a charter of the rules and conditions of the Congregation and to present it to the Pope for approval; but the priest, timid and vacillating as usual, put forward all sorts of objections to the taking of such a step. The community, he contended, was too poor to become an independent order, the new Oblates not secure enough in their vocations and good resolutions. Fra Bartolommeo, a man of the same temperament as Dom Giovanni, was equally given to hesitation, and it was not until Francesca had communicated to them the encouraging tenour of several of her visions, that they finally consented to lay the case before the Pope. Eugenius received their petition for his approbation with favour, and after some little delay promulgated a bull confirming the foundation of the Oblates.

On the feast of the Annunciation 1433, the Oblates assembled in the church of Santa Maria Trastevere, and after having heard Mass together, they went in

procession to their new house of Tor de Specchi, and were there established by Francesca, whose only sorrow was that she could not join them in community. Any time that she could be spared from the Ponziani Palace, she spent at Tor de Specchi, taking part in the daily life of the Oblates, their prayers and their labours; exhorting and encouraging them, and always choosing for herself the most disagreeable and menial duties. Her humility was so great that she never would allow herself to be applied to as the head of the new order, but invariably referred everything to Agnese de Lellis as superioress.

Lorenzo Ponziano died in 1436, three years after the establishment of the Oblates. He had been ailing for some time. Although by no means an old man, his life had been a hard one, and the wounds he had received in the defence of his native city and of the papal cause, had never been properly healed. Francesca nursed him night and day with untiring devotion, notwithstanding that she was herself much worn and exhausted by the laborious and mortified life she had led since childhood. He was laid at rest beside Evangelista and Agnese in the Ponziani vault in the church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere, and though her grief for his loss was great, Francesca felt that in all her trials God was about to answer the prayer of her childhood. For forty years she had been a model wife and mother, and in the few years that yet remained to her, God destined her to be the model of a true religious. She stayed yet another year in the world arranging her affairs and providing for the well-being of her children and grandchildren, but when she at length announced her intention of retiring to Tor de Specchi, both Battista and Mobilia were overwhelmed with grief and begged and implored of her to remain with them. They had imagined that as she had not joined the Oblates directly after Lorenzo's death, she had given up all idea of doing so. But Francesca was not be moved, her duties in the world

being now at an end, she had resolved to consecrate to God what was left to her of her life, and she tried to console her son and his wife by pointing out to them that they would be able to see her from time to time.

It was in 1437, on the feast of St. Benedict, that Francesca left the Ponziani Palace to take up her abode at Tor de Specchi. On arriving there she put off her shoes and knelt at the door in the humble guise of a penitent craving admission. The Oblates much affected at the sight of the humility of their foundress, hastened to raise her, and conducting her to the chapel, they bade her welcome to her new home. The Superioress, Agnese de Lellis, hastily summoned a meeting of the community, while the Saint was still praying in the chapel, and explaining to them how absurd it would be for her to continue as head of the house, now that their Mother had come to live among them, told them that she wished to resign the office. The Oblates acquiesced as to the desirability of the change, and Francesca was immediately elected Superioress with their unanimous consent. The Saint, however, on hearing what had passed, declared herself quite unequal to the management of the community; she had come, she said, to serve, and not to be served, and it was only after the Oblates had appealed to Dom Giovanni Mattiotti and that he had imposed it on her as a matter of obedience, that she consented to become Superioress. Agnese de Lellis was appointed her assistant.

Francesca's life at Tor de Specchi was even more perfect, if possible, than her life in the world. She followed the rule with the most scrupulous exactitude; her prayers became longer and her visions more frequent. At times she would remain rapt in ecstacy for hours together; no external event seemed to have any power over her on these occasions, holy obedience alone held its sway, and at any command from her confessor, Dom Giovanni, she would at once rise and obey.

In the summer of the year 1439, Francesca had several visions announcing to her her approaching end. She had only attained her fifty-sixth year, but the many trials and privations she had undergone, and the severe mortifications and austerities to which she had subjected herself, had in the end, told upon her health. She suffered much from weakness and actual physical pain, but never for a moment did she allow her sufferings to interfere with any of her duties. Another and a keener trial, a moral one, to which she had ever been most sensitive, may be supposed to have aggravated her state. Christ's Church was again torn with internal strife. The Council of Basle had taken upon itself to elect an anti-pope, Felix V., in the place of Eugenius IV., and this schism, of which Francesca deplored the beginning but did not live to see the end, lasted ten years.

On the 3rd of March 1440, early in the morning, the Saint was summoned to the bedside of her son Battista who was lying dangerously ill. She started off immediately accompanied by Sister Augustine, one of the Oblates who was most devotedly attached to her, but by the time she reached the Ponziani Palace, Battista had almost recovered and was able to get out of bed; she agreed nevertheless to spend the day with her children at their urgent entreaty. Towards evening, when it was time to return to Tor de Specchi, Francesca had suddenly become so weak as to be hardly capable of traversing the short distance between the Palace and the convent. Battista and Mobilia begged her to remain with them that night, but, faithful to the rule which enjoined the return before nightfall of such Oblates as might have been away visiting sick relatives, Francesca insisted on setting out. Supported by Sister Augustine she managed to reach the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, and once there she resolved to enter to ask Dom Giovanni's blessing. When the priest saw how dreadfully exhausted she was, he bade her return to her son's house; this the Saint was most unwilling

to do, as she felt that she would never again see Tor de Specchi. Dom Giovanni however, persisted and as a matter of obedience Francesca returned. In the night a malignant fever set in and towards morning the Saint felt convinced that her end was near. She sent immediately for the Oblates and her confessor. When they arrived she told them that she had but few more days to live and Dom Giovanni administered all the last Sacraments. The Oblates were inconsolable at the thought of losing their beloved foundress, and implored her to ask of God that she might be spared to them yet a little while. "God's will is my will," the Saint exclaimed, "His good pleasure mine. If He chooses me to tarry yet on earth, so be it then. I am ready to remain in this miserable world if He commands it." But the labours of God's faithful servant were drawing to a close, she was soon to receive her eternal crown. She lingered for seven days in the most perfect peace; not the smallest shadow of doubt or temptation seemed to cross her mind, and with the little strength that remained to her, she gently consoled her spiritual children, exhorting them to follow ever faithfully the rule they had willingly embraced, and like the Blessed Disciple enjoining them repeatedly to love one another. On the 9th of March, towards evening, her face shone with an unearthly light, and her confessor asked her what vision it was she then beheld. "The archangel has finished his task," she said, "he beckons me to follow him," and with these words Francesca's pure spirit passed away to God.

When it became known to the Roman people that 'the poor woman of the Trastevere,' as she loved to be called, was no more, the public grief knew no bounds. The Ponziani Palace was besieged night and day by mourning crowds, eager to look once more upon their benefactress. So great indeed was the crowd that Battista became alarmed, and had his mother's body removed to the church of Santa Maria Nuova. Numbers of sick people were brought to Francesca's bedside, and in

the church the throng was even greater. The blind, the halt, and the lame crowded round the bier, and the many miracles wrought there served but to confirm the people in their belief that God sanctioned the title of saint which they had already bestowed upon her.

Francesca was buried in the chapel set apart for the Oblates in Santa Maria Nuova, and a few months later, Battista, together with some of the Roman nobles, erected a tomb in her honour. It was not however until 1608, that Pope Paul V. issued the decree declaring her canonization. More than a century and a half had elapsed since her death, and a long process of investigation had been gone through, although her fellow-citizens had venerated her as a saint and had sought her intercession from the time of her death. She was always known as Santa Francesca Romana, literally St. Frances the Roman, without any reference to her husband's name, proving thus how dear she was to the Roman people and how much they regarded her as their own.

On the 9th of March, Francesca's feast, crowds of people still visit the Ponziani Palace, the scene of her heroic labours among the plague stricken, and Tor de Specchi, where her spiritual children yet strive to follow in her footsteps: and in the church of Santa Maria Nuova pilgrims pray beside the tomb of her who 'despising all things followed Him.'

Dr. Littledale's Theory of the Disappearance of the Papacy.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

PROBABLY not a few on reading the title of this tract, will be perplexed by it. Disappearance of the Papacy! they will say, Why surely the Papacy is still with us. The Pope is still one of the most palpable and potent figures on the world's stage, one towards whom goes out from the hearts of vast numbers a loyalty unsurpassed if paralleled on earth, one towards whom goes out also an antipathy perhaps equally without earthly parallel, one whom, whether they venerate him or hate him, all must take into account. How then can any man in his senses think that the Papacy has disappeared?

There is ground for this astonishment at Dr. Littledale's theory, and it may cause some to think the subject not worthy of serious attention. Still the theory of continuity is equally absurd in itself. Surely no position is more hopeless than the position which undertakes to prove that, before the Reformation, the Divine institution of the Papacy was not an article of faith in England. But, none the less, Catholic writers have found it necessary to deal with at length, and even with reference to minute details, this utterly hopeless anti-Catholic thesis; and so in like manner does it seem desirable to deal with

Dr. Littledale's theory of the disappearance of the Papacy. For the aim of a Catholic writer in dealing with controversial subjects should be always apostolic. He should consider not so much what difficulties another ought to feel as what difficulties he does feel; and there can be no doubt that many Anglican minds are impressed by the speciousness of Dr. Littledale's reasoning. Hence a short examination of this extraordinary theory and of the arguments by which it is recommended may prove not uninteresting.

Let us allow Dr. Littledale to state his case in his own words. The book in which he enters into it most fully is his *Petrine Claims*, where it is the subject-matter of some fifty pages.[1]

> Let us assume for a moment [he tells us], though in the teeth of all Scripture and history, that the doctrine of the Petrine privilege is true, that St. Peter was given infallible and sovereign jurisdiction over the whole Church Catholic, that he was Pope of Rome, that he conveyed his privileges indefeasibly to the Popes who succeeded him, and that the successor of the Fisherman is the supreme ruler and teacher of Christians, the one Vicar of Christ on earth, whose single word is "the living voice of the Church," infallible and paramount. Even so, something further is essential; the Pope who claims these august privileges must be Pope *de jure* as well as *de facto*. . . . It is an axiom of Latin theology and canon law, that unlawful possession of the Papacy confers no rights whatever, and that all acts done by one who is Pope *de facto* without being also Pope *de jure* are null and void.

So far there is no occasion to take exception to Dr. Littledale's premisses, nor need we object to the inference which immediately follows.

[1] P. 306.

This nullity extends, of course, to the institution of all beneficiaries within the area of the quasi-Pope's domestic jurisdiction, and to the creation of Cardinals.

But then, continues our ingenious critic, see to what you are led. If a Pope should be invalidly elected and the Cardinals appointed by him be in consequence invalid also, it follows that a "false Pope may seriously affect the competency of the electoral body which will have to choose his successor." Not only may this happen, but, according to Dr. Littledale, it has happened, and that often. Many a time have Popes, destitute of any lawful title, held possession of the See of Rome, and during their tenure appointed Cardinals, who, being so appointed, could in their turn have no valid title to elect future Popes.

That this is the painful truth our critic then goes on to establish. And first he calls attention to the sources of nullity, by which, according to the express doctrine of the canonists, the *de facto* tenure of the Papacy may be affected. Six sources of nullity, he tells us, are beyond dispute. Those are not true Popes who have been intruded by external violence in spite of, or even without the concurrence of, the electors; or who have been elected by persons not qualified to elect; or who have been elected by votes simoniacally procured; or who at the time of election were affected by some personal ineligibility, such as bastardy, or heresy previous to election; or who have lost a previously valid title either by subsequently falling into heresy, or by being guilty of non-residence. And in case these alleged sources of nullity in a claimant to the Papacy should not be far-reaching enough in their effects to satisfy the sweeping

demands of his theory, Dr. Littledale takes note, that, according to an "accepted maxim of Latin theology," doubtful Popes are to be regarded as no Popes at all.

The conclusion he draws from this "accepted maxim," is that he is not bound to prove for certain that any portion of the two hundred and fifty Popes usually accounted such, were invalidly elected, but that he will have attained his end if only he can bring together a series of charges of intrusion, simony, &c., against a sufficiently imposing number of Popes; for if there are charges, so he invites us to reason on the basis of the aforesaid maxim, there is a probability of their truth, and probability is enough to divest the persons charged of their claim to constitute links in the chain of succession. I trust I have made clear Dr. Littledale's contention, which we may now word compendiously thus: All doubtful Popes are to be taken as no Popes at all, and therefore as flaws in the succession; and all Popes are to be taken as doubtful against whom any writer or writers have brought a charge of intrusion, simony, &c. This last proposition is not, indeed, explicitly stated by Dr. Littledale, but it is what he implies, and what underlies his arguments throughout.

Having thus laid down his principles, or rather, having thus laid down principles which he assures us are those of the Roman canon law, this writer proceeds to apply them to the records of Papal history. We shall have occasion in the course of our investigation to refer more in detail to these historical applications, but for the present it will be enough to summarize his results which he exhibits in a table

at the end of *The Petrine Claims*. According to this table, out of the two hundred and nineteen Popes whose names are set down in the lists as having occupied the Chair of St. Peter previously to 1536, the date of the death of Clement VII., sixty-five must be eliminated as spurious—eight as having been heretics, fourteen as having been simoniacally appointed, twenty-three as having been intruded into the See by secular powers, four as having been irregularly elected, six as having been non-resident, ten as having been promoted by an election of doubtful, and nine by an election of disputed, validity.[1] But why stop at 1536, we naturally inquire, and the answer is, that from that date Dr. Littledale conceives the succession to the Papacy to have lapsed altogether. Alexander VI. and Julius II. were simoniacally elected, and yet Julius II., by his Bull *Quum tam divino* (1503), "pronounces all simoniacal elections to the Papacy void, and incapable of being validated by any recognition accorded to the Pope as chosen, and Gammarus, Auditor of the Rota, in his commentary on the Bull, alleges it to be so worded as to be retrospective in effect, fully voiding all such former elections." Hence, since, after the death of Julius II. and still more after that of Clement VII., there was no longer a single Cardinal living whose appointment had proceeded from a valid Pope, there were none then living, and never again could be any living, qualified to elect a true Pope, and all subsequent Popes not having received the votes of qualified electors must be deemed spurious.

[1] These numbers when added up make seventy-four. But against a few Popes double grounds of nullity are charged.

Here is Dr. Littledale's indictment, and perhaps some may think it effective. "At the very least," some one may be inclined to say, "it places me under the necessity of a complicated historical inquiry, altogether beyond my powers; for until I have investigated all these historical cases, how can I know for certain that the Pope who now rules the Church is a true Pope, and how, as a matter of necessary consequence, can I know that the Church which adheres to him is the true Church?"

But such fears are needless. We shall, indeed, take some useful dips into history, and with the result of understanding better how much our ingenious critic has run astray. Still for all practical purposes it is not necessary to dip into history at all. The principle just enunciated, that the Church which adheres to a false Pope can only be a false Church, so far from offering us increased motive for alarm, indicates the secure and easy path out of the maze prepared for us. It is true that a Church which adhered to a false Pope could not be a true Church, and why is this, save because the true Church cannot adhere to a false Pope? But if this is so, since we know on certain and quite independent grounds which is the true Church, we have only to ask ourselves in reference to any particular Pope—either the living Pope whom we are called upon to obey, or some past Pope in whom we are historically interested—whether the true Church adheres or adhered to him, or not, and then we can be sure at once, independently of all detailed historical investigations, whether the title by which he entered upon the See of Peter was valid or not. And so likewise if we find that the true

Church has separated itself entirely from any claimant to the Papacy, we have at once in this easily obtained knowledge, the certainty that such a claimant had not a valid title to the See. The only cases to which the application of this principle is not helpful are those of Popes whose reigns were so short that the Church Universal had hardly time to give distinct signs of adherence or rejection, or those (likewise short-lived) of whose lives the extant records are too scanty to show clearly whether the Church regarded them as legitimate or as intruders. But these exceptions are few and unimportant. Of the vast majority of individual Popes, and still more of the line of Popes, reaching not merely up to the sixteenth century, but to our own days, it is absolutely clear that they received that loyal adherence and obedience from the Universal Church which Leo XIII. receives now, and which of itself is so sure a sign of the legitimacy of his title that we can even make it the matter of an act of faith that he is the true Vicar of Jesus Christ.

This is no mere theory, but the common doctrine of Catholic theologians, as will appear sufficiently from the following passage in Ferraris' *Bibliotheca*, a work of the highest authority. In his article on the Pope,[1] Ferraris says:

> It is *of faith* that Benedict XIV., for instance, legitimately elected and accepted as such by the Church, is the true Pope—(common doctrine among Catholics). This is proved from the Council of Constance, *sess. ult.* where Martin V. Const. *Inter Cunctos*, decrees that those who return from heresy to the faith shall be asked, among other

[1] S.v. *Papa*, p. 949.

points, "Whether they believe that the Pope canonically elected, for the time being, his name being expressly mentioned, is the successor of St. Peter, having supreme authority in the Church of God." For thereby he supposes it to be an article of faith, since those who abjure heresy are "interrogated only as to truths of faith."

It will be said, "Yes, but he speaks only of a Pontiff canonically elected and as such accepted by the Church, and his authority cannot therefore be quoted for the case of one whose canonical election is called in question." This, however, is an objection which Ferraris himself anticipates, and he meets it thus:

> Through the mere fact that the Church receives him as legitimately elected, *God reveals to us the legitimacy of his election*, since Christ has promised that His Church shall never err in a matter of faith, . . . whereas she would err in such matter of faith if the conclusion did not hold; since the Church in acknowledging the elect to be the true Pope, acknowledges him as an infallible rule of faith, while (if he were not really the true Pope) he would be fallible, &c.

The Church, then, cannot err in recognizing her Head. She can neither adhere to a spurious head, nor separate herself from the true Head. The grounds for this proposition have been indicated to us by Ferraris, but it may be useful to expand his account of them a little more fully. By the terms of the fundamental promises of our Lord to His Church she is guaranteed two prerogatives—indefectibility and immunity from error, together with the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit, overruling the movements of hearts and minds and the course of events, in order to secure for her the continuance of these two prerogatives. Now the Pontificate is an essential

element in the Church's constitution. If, therefore, the Pontificate were to lapse, the Church would be sustaining a loss in her essentials and so reveal herself as not indefectible. And again, the Church is preserved from religious error by her reliance on the infallible voice of her Supreme Pastor. But if she could err by failing to discriminate between her true Head and a counterfeit, with the result of adhering to the latter, she would be hopelessly exposed to the risk of erring in religious doctrine through receiving it from wrong and unaided lips.

And here let us bear in mind that Dr. Littledale cannot say to us, "Yes, but all this implies that yours is the true Church—which is what I deny." He cannot say this, because he has granted this much for the sake of argument, undertaking, *even on the assumption* of our Church being the true Church, to show that the continuity and continuance of the Papal line cannot be held as genuine. Nor, as has been remarked, do we merely assume the truth of our Church. We prove it by solid, ample, and convincing arguments. Of course to deal with this proof in its generality would be out of place here. But it will not be out of place, since it will tend to render clearer the force of the principle, "He is the true Pope who is recognized by the true Church," if I indicate concisely the outlines of one line of proof by which we establish the truth of the Church which looks to the See of Peter as its necessary centre of unity.

Cardinal Newman has written:

The Church authenticates herself to be the Church by her Notes. It is the great Note of an ever-enduring *cætus*

fidelium, with a fixed organism and unity of jurisdiction, a political greatness, a continuity of existence, in all places and times, a suitableness to all classes, ranks, and callings, an ever-energizing life, an untiring, ever-evolving history, which is her evidence that she is the creation of God, and the representative and home of Christianity.[1]

This is in fact an argument from the Notes in which we profess belief when we recite the Nicene Creed—One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. As Notes they mark the living Church, being her unique and visible endowment, by the possession of which she is distinguished from all other claimants. Their value lies just in this, that, whilst we behold them and ponder upon them, we are led to the conviction that their realization in the Church which bears them is nothing less than a moral miracle, so impossible is it for human beings, so numerous and varied in their intellectual and other characteristics, unless aided by some overruling Divine power, to preserve themselves in unity so close, so widespread, so abiding, and so spiritual; and being led to this conviction, we find ourselves in the possession of a convincing proof of the truth of the Catholic Church and of her claims, independent of, though powerfully aided by, the deeper study of history, past and present.

A line of reasoning like this, which is after all the primary line of reasoning by which we are all held in the Church, or brought to the Church, carries right down to the solid bed rock of self-evident principles the justification of our suggested mode of dealing with Dr. Littledale's historical and canonical cavils.

[1] *Essays Critical and Historical.* Note on Essay ix. p. 88.

But it is worth observing that, just as the Papacy is an essential element in the Catholic Church, so these notes which characterize the Church and mark her out as Divine, in their degree and measure attach also directly to the Papacy. I have imagined one reading the title of this tract to say, "Disappearance of the Papacy! why it is one of the most palpable figures on the world's stage." And one who made that reflection would have in mind, not the bare fact that a well-known succession of ecclesiastics, calling themselves and called by others, Popes of Rome, still continues in the world. Rather he would have in mind the quality of this fact, the continuance in this modern line of Popes of the special and striking features which have characterized the Papal line from the beginning; he would have in mind their bold claims to universal spiritual jurisdiction, combined with the astounding fact that so many drawn out of such diverse countries and races respond to the claim with a loyal and fervent obedience; he would have in mind how the effect of this response has been to preserve the numbers who make it in a unity of faith and communion so striking and so edifying, a unity the significance of which is rendered the more manifest by the conspicuous contrast which it offers to the continuous disintegration of all other religious bodies; he would have in mind the power displayed by the Papacy, modern as well as ancient, to fertilize the vast communion over which it presides with noble thoughts, heroic enterprises, and beneficial institutions; he would have in mind the vigour and tenacity of life which the Papacy still continues to exhibit, thereby

offering a most perplexing problem to the non-Catholic who measures its material weakness against the political combinations, the mighty armies, the fierce and relentless hatreds, which are arrayed against it. It is with all this before his eyes that he will have exclaimed, "Disappearance of the Papacy! why there it is as much as it ever was," and he will have only shown his sound logic and his common sense, when, with this slightly impatient exclamation, he has brushed aside Dr. Littledale's cobwebs. Indeed to invite us whose eyes look on the living Papacy, to disbelieve in its existence on the faith of some doubtful historical reasoning about obscure occurrences long since past, is as if some one were to invite us who breathe English air and walk on English soil, to believe England to be a prehistoric country buried long centuries since beneath the ocean, just because this is the conclusion to which he has been led by some hazardous geological reasonings from what is known, or suspected, of the past state of our globe.

So far this tract has had to be theological rather than historical, but now we can pass over to the field of historical inquiry. We have found secure grounds for our confidence that Dr. Littledale cannot have discovered a break or collapse in the line of Popes, and we may be sure, therefore, that he has followed some radically false line of reasoning if it has led him to an opposite conclusion. Still he tells us the principles of our own canon law have guided him to his conclusion, and it will be interesting to see how it is that they have led him so far astray. We shall not indeed be able to deal fully with the many cases

he brings forward; but we can deal with them sufficiently to enable us to judge how far he has a just claim to the designation of "canonist" which he always delighted to ascribe to himself.

It will be necessary to start with a very slight account of the changes through which the prescribed mode of electing a Pope has passed in the course of centuries. As our Lord did not Himself determine how vacancies in the Pontificate should be filled up, the certain inference is that He left the determination to the Church, and therefore to the Pope. For such a power was clearly necessary for the well-being of the Church, which would require progressive adaptation of the mode of appointment to the circumstances of the different periods, and if the power, being necessary, exists in the Church, it must reside in the person of the Pope. The Popes accordingly have not hesitated from time to time to employ it. In the earliest ages the right of election belonged to the clergy of the local Roman Church, the laity also having a recognized right to signify their approval. The object of this intervention of the laity was clearly to bespeak a more favourable reception of the new Pontiff from his immediate flock, but in course of time the practice led to serious evils. The laity could differ among themselves as well as agree, and could emphasize their divergencies of opinion by popular disturbances. It was also natural that nobles, officials, governors, &c., should claim to be the proper representatives of the people and should arrogate to themselves a right of very effective interference. It was natural too that the Roman Emperors, and later those who claimed a

succession to their rights, should assume that this right along with others had passed over to them. There were times when this civil intervention in Papal elections was of great service, and it was in recognition of this that Leo III. (800) awarded to the Emperor Charlemagne the office of *advocatus ecclesiæ*, an office which authorized him to intervene for the sake of securing liberty of action to the electors. But too often what happened was that worldly-minded sovereigns converted the right of intervention into an instrument for forcing upon the Church Supreme Pastors not fitted for the high office. Hence it was that the Popes struggled so hard in the middle ages to relieve themselves of the incubus, and here the name of Gregory VII. stands out as that of one who achieved a signal success in the work of liberation. Another change more directly affecting the mode of election was made by Nicholas II. (1059). Till then the relative importance of the votes of the clergy and of the approbation of the people had not been clearly determined, and many disputes arose out of this obscurity. Nicholas restricted the power of election to the Cardinal Bishops. To them the definitive voice should henceforth belong; the other Cardinals, the clergy, and the people, being left only the duty of signifying assent to the choice of the former. A century later (1178), Alexander III. enlarged a franchise which was found too narrow. It was he who first gave it equally to all the three orders of Cardinals, to the Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests, and Cardinal Deacons; and he likewise prescribed that a majority consisting of two-thirds of the electors present should be decisive, whatever plea might be

urged to the contrary (*absque ulla exceptione*). The effect of this last clause was to abolish all, or almost all, ineligibility from personal disqualifications. It is held that it allows the choice to fall even on a layman, or even on a married man—the object of the clause being to reduce as much as possible the occasions of dispute. Thus many points were decided, but it still remained open to the electors to make their choice in any way they pleased, by meeting together in council, by letters or proxies, or even by tacit assent to appointments imposed on the Church from without. In 1274, Gregory X. put an end to all this by prescribing that henceforth elections should be made in conclave. This was a most valuable measure. A conclave is a kind of retreat. It reduces largely the possibility of undue motives actuating the electors, by shutting them off from the influences of the outside world, and by reminding them forcibly of God's presence, at the solemn moment when they are to record their votes. It has also tended powerfully to stop the long delays which had sometimes characterized previous elections. Other changes of great wisdom and importance have been made since the days of Gregory X., but there is no need to describe them. What has been said is enough for our present purposes. It will give us the key to many of Dr. Littledale's fallacies, and it will show us how hard and how wisely the Popes have struggled to secure the election of their successors from miscarriage through sin and worldliness.

Now at last we can estimate the reasoning by which our amateur canonist has discovered so many flaws in the Papal Succession. Be it remembered

that he has against us a black list of invalid Popes, including sixty-five of the names before 1536, and all the names subsequent to it.

1. And in the first place, what is to be said of his statement that the principle, *Papa dubius, Papa nullus*, is an accepted "maxim of Latin theology," and applicable to all cases in which modern writers may fancy themselves to detect an historical doubt in an ancient Papal election? It must be answered that there are four distinct flaws in this portion of his reasoning.

(*a*) The principle of *Papa dubius est Papa nullus* is not a "maxim of Latin theology," but only the opinion of some Latin theologians, not even of the majority of them.

(*b*) The upholders of this principle never dreamt of understanding it, as Dr. Littledale has done, of mere literary doubts about the title of a Pope whom no one during his life resisted; nor did they mean it to be construed according to the strict sense of the words, but technically, as canonists, whose proficiency in their science has gone beyond Dr. Littledale's, would know. The case contemplated was that which arose through the so-called Great Schism in the Papacy during the fourteenth century, the case of two or more claimants to the Papacy existing, each supporting his claim by reasons of sufficient strength to defeat all attempts at solution by canonists or Councils. And the maxim, expressed, as legal maxims usually are, in epigrammatic form, meant not that any one was free to treat such claimants as spurious Popes, but that the doubt in their title availed to subject them to the authority of a General Council,

and to empower *it* to set them aside altogether, if the interests of Catholic unity should require it.

(*c*) At Pisa, where soon after its invention it was proposed for the first and, with the exception of Constance, the only time, to give practical effect to this maxim by deposing the two existing claimants, Gregory XII. and Benedict XIII., the Council did not fully trust to the proposal, but preferred rather to impart to its act of deposition a declaratory form, and base it on an imputation against Gregory and Benedict of heresy and schism whereby they had already dethroned themselves.[1] In like manner at Constance, where the schism was finally healed, it was not healed through any application of this maxim, but by the voluntary resignation of two claimants, and the general abandonment, by that time consummated, of the third, such abandonment, according to the principle we have already considered, being taken as a *sign* that Benedict could not be, or have ever been, a truly elected Pope.

(*d*) The maxim of *Papa dubius est Papa nullus* has the preponderance of evidence against it. The chief reason urged in its favour is that without it the Church might find herself without remedy, if the rival claimants to a disputed succession should persist in their refusal to resign. But the answer is, that God's special providence over His Church will see to this, as it did in the sole case of real difficulty which has arisen during these twenty centuries.[2]

Dr. Littledale's strange and unscientific reading of this maxim being now set aside, the evidences of

[1] Cf. *Historical Papers*, No. XIII. *The Great Schism of the West.*
[2] Cf. Ballerini, *De Pot. Eccles.* c. ix.

nullity which he has brought forward assume a different complexion. No mere statement of a few writers, even if contemporary, and no mere academic inferences from the principles of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, as our canonist conceives of them, are of any avail. He must furnish us with undeniable historical certainty in all the cases of invalidity on which he relies, or we are not obliged to listen to him. Now for the several causes of nullity.

2. Six Popes are charged with nullity because *non-resident.* They are the Popes who in the fourteenth century leaving Rome on account of the hindrance put in the way of their freedom of action by the Roman nobles, the Orsini, the Colonna, the Savelli, &c., took up their abode at Avignon, entrusting meanwhile the government of the Holy City to a Vicar.

This charge is almost too childish to receive a serious answer. Episcopal non-residence is in no case a fault involving *ipso facto* deposition; nor, if it were, could it have this effect in the case of a Pope, who, as supreme lawgiver of the Church, is not bound by the penalties of disobedience which he himself inflicts on others; nor is it possible for a Pope to be non-resident, the entire world forming the sphere of his immediate care and jurisdiction; nor again is non-residence a fault at all when it is, or seems to be, required in the interests of the freedom of ecclesiastical government.

We will, therefore, be so bold as to take the six Avignon Popes off Dr. Littledale's black list of sixty-five.

3. Next we find ten Popes set down as spurious

on the score of *doubtful election*. Of these, eight are made up out of the Popes during the aforesaid Great Schism, four Roman Popes, two Avignon Popes, and two Pisan Popes. This perhaps is hardly a fair way of making up a list, as the three lines were alternative. Still we can afford to be generous. As I have dealt with this subject in the tract already referred to, there is no need to enter into it here, further than to say that this was a doubt seen to at the time and sufficiently provided for. One thing is at least certain, that the validity of subsequent Popes was not affected by the state of temporary uncertainty, since at Constance they were careful so to arrange the settlement that every possibility of defect in the title of Martin V. should be demonstrably eliminated. Dr. Littledale, indeed, becoming ultra ultramontane for the moment, sets down Martin V. as "irregularly elected," because the electoral body was not composed of the Cardinals alone, but of these with certain Bishops, &c., added to their number. But as long as the Cardinals accepted the arrangement, which they did, no invalidity could arise from this source; and besides, they all agreed that the choice of each section should fall on the same person, which it did.

The other two Popes set down as doubtfully elected, are Formosus and Boniface VIII.: Formosus, because he was objected to as already tied to another see, that of Porto; Boniface VIII., because the power of his predecessor to resign the Papacy was disputed. But previous and subsequent usage in the Church have fully dispelled any doubts which might have been entertained by certain canonists on these two points. A Pope has the same right to

resign, if the general interests of the Church seem to him to demand the act, as he has under similar circumstances to sanction the resignation of another Bishop, and as much is to be said of translations to the Papacy from another see. Thus we may take ten more names off our canonist's list.

4. Next come nine cases of *disputed election.* Of these, one is that of the so-called Leo VIII., who was a clear intruder, and has always been regarded as such. He was appointed during the lifetime of the lawful Pope and in spite of him. The other eight are Popes against whom some rival claimant was started. Even apart from the theological certainty we have that the Church cannot adhere to a spurious Pontiff and reject the true, it is only rational to prefer the judgment of the contemporary Church to that of some modern writer attempting to decide between the obscure, scanty, and contradictory accounts which have been preserved to us. At the same time, in most cases we can ourselves see how the decision of the contemporary Church was on the side of truth, as in the case of St. Damasus, St. Boniface I., and Innocent II.

We can, therefore, take off the black list nine more names.

5. On the score of *intrusions* our canonist condemns twenty-three otherwise recognized Popes.

All save three of the cases he sets down as such are those of Popes of the ninth and tenth centuries, Popes of the iron age, as they have not inappropriately been termed. They form the most imposing feature in Dr. Littledale's list, because, so many of them occurring together, the suggestion is that for

more than a century, that is from 891 to 963, and again from 1012 to 1046, the Holy See was filled only by occupants who, as intruders, must have been without the prerogatives attaching to the Primacy.

(*a*) But it is clear Dr. Littledale, canonist though he is supposed to be, does not understand what is meant by an intruded Pope. And yet Baronius, whose authority he unjustifiably invokes for his statement about these tenth century Popes, should have taught him his error in one of the very passages to which appeal is made.

Now follows the year of our Lord, 897, of the fifteenth Indiction, in which Boniface (VI.), invading the See (of Rome), held it for fifteen days, a man whom we must not number among the Pontiffs, since he was condemned in the Roman Synod under John IX., as will be said in the proper place. He was a man of evil life who had been twice degraded, once from the diaconate, another time from his priesthood. Stephen VII. (VI.) was substituted in his place, Boniface the intruder being thus driven out by another intruder. All these deeds being wrought by force and terrorism, brought disgrace on the Roman Church. But although some of these, like this Boniface, were altogether rejected, others were afterwards received as Pontiffs. The reason of this was because, however much they owed their original occupation of the See to tyrannical violence, they were afterwards by fresh elections duly held elected as legitimate Pontiffs by the clergy, who deemed it better to tolerate them just as they were than to permit the Church to be torn by schism. This observation we are compelled to make because the Universal Catholic Church has venerated them and obeyed them as true Pontiffs, has recognized them as Vicars of Christ and successors of St. Peter, and has shown them the reverence due to genuine Pontiffs; a thing which would never have been done had there not been evidence of a subsequent legitimate election.

Possibly Baronius is too sanguine in assuming that the intrusion was ordinarily revalidated by a formal ceremony of election duly conducted, and indeed elsewhere he says that often this could not have been. But even if there were no formal ceremony, Baronius's principle would still apply. A tacit acceptance of the intrusion by the electors as distinguished from a persistent refusal to tolerate it, would have sufficed to rectify the original nullity of the title. In after-days, indeed, such a tacit acceptance would not have sufficed, because subsequent Papal legislation made election in Conclave with observance of special forms a condition of validity. But there was no such law in force in the tenth century, and had it been then in force, probably those with whom the power of election lay would have acted otherwise. There is thus, then, not much difficulty on this score, nor is Baronius wrong when he maintains that to ratify the title of these intruders may have been the most prudent course from the point of view of the interests of the Church. In our own days we see and understand a similar course followed by the rulers of the Church in dealing with the rulers of the world. Take, for instance, appointments to the French episcopate, where the Pope tolerates and accepts the nomination of a distinctly anti-Christian Government. He does it to avoid worse evils which might follow on refusal, and he does it in the knowledge that by a little prudent administration he can so work the system as to secure on the whole good and even excellent Bishops.

Such a reference to modern times may help us to

realize the position of the electors to the Papacy in the tenth century. The state of civil society at the time was almost inconceivably distracted. There were German and Italian Princes claiming the Imperial dignity, each in turn obtaining the upper hand, and whilst these contended among themselves, minor chieftains in the near neighbourhood of Rome were in similar manner fighting for the mastery. Thus "the Nationalists ruled there (at Rome) from 896 to 904; the Tuscan faction from 904 to 964; the German from 964 to 973; the Crescentian from 1003 to 1012; and the Tusculan from 1012 to 1046."[1] Each faction as it came to prevail in the Holy City endeavoured to force its nominees on the Roman clergy. It was a distressing condition of things, but on the whole we can see why the electors were justified in conferring a valid title on the intruders, and indeed we know in some instances, and may conjecture as to others, that the infringement of liberty was in the form of recommendation with threats in reserve, not of forcible intrusion without invoking the intervention of the electors. For questionable as was their mode of entrance into the See, and difficult as it is to separate the true from the false in the writers of the period, the balance of probabilities goes to show that most of these Popes were by no means bad men. John XII. and Benedict IX. do seem to have been thoroughly wicked; and Stephen VI. must have been not far removed from a barbarian; but these are almost the only Popes of

[1] *Manual of Church History*. By the Rev. T. Gilmartin, vol. i. p. 471. This useful little manual deserves mention as very suitable for the bookshelves of those interested in Church history.

the period against whom the charge of wickedness is conclusively proved. Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, we know, brings very serious charges against Sergius III. and John X., which Baronius has accepted on his authority. But even if, with Father de Smet, we think Luitprand has been unfairly set down as a mere slanderer of his political adversaries, we must allow, as Father de Smet also does, that he (Luitprand) is often too credulous of events of which he had no personal experience, and must conclude, again with Father de Smet, that there are no sufficient grounds for believing the charges against Sergius III. and John X. to be either certainly or even probably true. We must not, however, digress too much. Our business is not with the morals of the tenth century Popes, but with their *status* as Popes. We are asked how far they were genuine or spurious. It is impossible now to go into details over so complicated a point, and it would be most unsafe to commit oneself definitively to any certain conclusions about so perplexing a period. But I submit that I have shown cause for putting out of court Dr. Littledale's unquestionably ill-considered statements on the other side. His duty was to make it *certain* that all these Popes were intruders. He has not even made it probable that they were intruders, in the sense of being intruders resisted to the end by the proper electors. As, then, his few other outlying cases of alleged intrusion not belonging to the tenth century series, yield to the application of precisely the same principles, we need not hesitate to take twenty-three more names off our canonist's black list.

6. Next we come to the eight cases of alleged

invalidity through *heresy*. The question, it should be observed, is not of heresy publicly taught, but of heresy privately held—which is, according to Dr. Littledale, and to a certain extent correctly, a disqualifying circumstance in a candidate for the Papacy. Two questions here arise—how far is it true that personal heresy in the individual Pope is a source of nullity, and what is the nature of the heresy which has this nullifying effect.

In regard to the first, we must distinguish *actual* heresy arising in one who is already Pope, and *past* heresy in a candidate for the Papacy. As regards *present* heresy it has been generally held that, given the possibility of a personally heretical Pope, he would *ipso facto* cease to be Pope by ceasing to be a member of the Church. The Church in that case, as represented by the Cardinals or otherwise, could on due information of the fact pass a declaratory sentence on one who being no longer Pope was no longer its superior, and then take measures to remove him from the See in which he had become an intruder. This doctrine, however, has, except in a single and doubtful instance, been always of an academic character, there never having been occasion to use it. The one exception has been already mentioned. It was when the Council of Pisa thought of utilizing the opinion in order to heal the Great Schism, by imputing constructive heresy to claimants who would not consult the interests of unity by resigning. In regard to *past* heresy as a disqualification in a candidate for the Papacy, we need only say that it did not exist as such until 1559, when Paul IV. issued his Bull *Cum ex apostolatus officio*, a Bull in

which the possibility of such a candidature for the Papacy is contemplated only inclusively with similar possibilities in regard to other sees, offices, and dignities, civil as well as ecclesiastical, throughout the world. A Bull of that date can have no concern for us in this tract. Certainly *since* then no suspicion of heresy in a Pope can be suggested. I know Dr. Littledale claims that the form of the Bull is retrospective, but that only shows his incompetency to deal with a legal document.

Now as to the other question, the question what is the nature of the heresy which thus disqualifies. Here it is necessary first to understand what the canonists mean by heresy, a piece of legal knowledge which our canonist does not seem to possess, but which another canonist shall tell us. Pichler writes as follows, "Heresy is the *voluntary* error against some truth of the Catholic faith held by a baptized person. In order that it may be *formal* (the kind we are concerned with), not material, there must be (1) *error*, or erroneous judgment, in the *intellect* about some truth of *faith*, (2) *obstinacy* in the will, whereby the person embraces this error about a truth of faith even after it has been sufficiently proposed to him and when he knows that the Universal Church defends it as revealed in Scripture or defined by the Church as an article of faith; and whereby the heretic prefers his own judgment to that of the Universal Church, the column of truth," &c.

Here are two conditions, the second, that of deliberateness in sinning against the light, being most essential. Before Dr. Littledale claimed to write down any of the Popes as heretics he should have brought

home to them this second condition as well as the first. As a matter of fact he does not succeed in bringing home even the first. The cases he mentions are, save two, most trivial. John XXII. was charged with holding an opinion which at that time was not defined, and which if he held it at all, he held with the usual reservations of submissiveness to the Church's teaching. Hormisdas, in a letter, discouraged the use of a phrase (*Unus de Trinitate passus est*), which is in itself orthodox, but was capable of being misused and was apparently intended to be misused. Zosimus, when two heretics, Pelagius and Cœlestius, publicly renounced their heresy before him and begged to be received back into communion, believed too credulously that they were speaking sincerely. Callistus I. was accused of an heretical opinion by a man who was his bitter opponent and perhaps an Antipope, and who is himself revealed by his own writings to be unorthodox; whilst either Victor or Zephyrinus is said by Dr. Littledale, but incorrectly, to have been accused by Tertullian, when himself a heretic, of Patripassianism. These two last cases remind us of a certain Dr. Nicholson who some years back, in some public letters, demonstrated that Cardinal Manning was a heretic, and held Nestorian views on the Person of our Lord. This Anglican Doctor of Divinity completely satisfied himself as to the truth of his charge, but does not seem to have satisfied Catholics, who rather gathered that he was a Nestorian himself. Presumably the Catholics of the third century thought as much of Tertullian and the author of the *Philosophumena*. The remaining cases are those of Felix II., who was probably an Antipope and cannot count,

and the two famous cases of Liberius and Honorius. Of these it will be enough to say that even if the charges against them were made good to their full extent, they would still fall short of the two conditions which, as we have seen, constitute formal heresy. Liberius is charged with having signed an heretical formula under constraint of fear and against his belief. That would be a sin against faith, but not a sin of heresy. Honorius is charged with having encouraged Sergius in his Monothelitism by writing a letter capable of bearing, though clearly not intended to bear, an heretical sense, and again with having neglected to condemn him. Neither would these acts, if fully substantiated, although blameable, be heretical in the sense expounded to us by Pichler. But in fact both Honorius and Liberius can be sufficiently defended. Indeed, nothing but anti-Catholic prejudice continues to stay the acknowledgment that Liberius was throughout a strenuous and consistent champion of the faith, a Pope of whom Rome can afford to be proud.

Eight more names, then, must come off the black list.

7. Now we come to the cases of *simony*, the last with which we shall need to deal. Under this head Dr. Littledale sets fourteen cases, that is, in his list of spurious Popes previous to Clement VII., but it is also, as we must recollect, on the score of simony that he sets aside as invalid all Popes after Clement VII. with the quiet statement, "No valid election has been possible since;" namely, on the plea that from that time, owing to the simoniacal elections of Alexander VI., Julius II., and Clement VII., there

were no longer Cardinals valid and competent to elect a valid Pope. We have already seen how on theological grounds this theory breaks down, and we are now concerned only with our canonist's legal and historical reasoning.

As in the case of heresy, we must consider what is simony, and how far it is a disqualifying cause?

Simony, in the primary sense, is an agreement to barter spiritual things for temporal, such as money. As such it is forbidden by the Divine law on account of the outrage offered to things spiritual by the implication that things temporal can be their equivalents in value. Ecclesiastical law goes beyond Divine law, and forbids certain transactions which, though they do not actually involve a barter of spirituals for temporals, nevertheless involve serious disrespect, and threaten serious harm, to spiritual things. Particularly under this head is forbidden the promise or bestowal of benefices in return for the promise of other benefices or spiritual favours. A benefice, be it noted, is something spiritual, and so, as there is something spiritual on both sides, there is no simony against the natural law, but only against the positive law. I may mention also, although we need not further concern ourselves about this, that if we wish to interpret rightly any disabling or penalizing law against simony, we must notice whether it is referred to in its complete stage only, that is, when the exchange has actually taken place on both sides, or even whilst it is in the previous imperfect stage.

Turning now to the second question, how far simony disqualifies in the sense of invalidating a

Papal election, we had better go at once to the Bull *Quum tam divino* of Julius II., the Bull in which Dr. Littledale finds his most decisive argument. Julius II. came to the throne in 1503, being the immediate successor of the notorious Alexander VI. In 1505 he published the Bull in question, which is a most strenuous effort to exclude simony from the electoral process. It declares every Papal election to be null and void in which any of the votes have been given through the motive of simony, "by giving, promising, or receiving money, goods of every kind, castles, offices, or benefices," &c., and this even though the election should be unanimous; and he enjoins that "any such simoniacal election shall never afterwards be revalidated either by the subsequent enthronization of the person in question, or the lapse of time, or even the adoration (*i.e.* veneration) or obedience of all the Cardinals." Nor does it permit the same person to be re-elected, but on the contrary deprives him *ipso facto* (without any declaration) of all his present dignities, offices, &c., together with perpetual inability for any subsequent promotion. It then proceeds to empower the Cardinals, the clergy, and people of Rome, the (temporal) subjects of the Pope, the Roman Prefects, &c., to take action for the removal of the intruder.

Here is the Bull, and we must remember the use Dr. Littledale makes of it. In order to prove that the succession of valid Cardinals failed about this time, he seeks to avail himself of the charge of simony against the elections of Innocent VIII., Alexander VI., and Julius II., because after the death of Julius there were no Cardinals living of

older creation than Innocent, or even than Alexander. Hence he has managed to convince himself that this Bull, *Quum tam divino*, is so worded as to be retrospective in its effects. He cites Gammarus (*i.e.*, Gambara, I suppose) as in his commentary on the Bull showing this to be the case. He does not give any reference to Gambara, and I have not been able to find the statement in the only treatise of this author of which I know. It is not, however, likely that Gambara anywhere really made a statement so utterly absurd. There is nothing whatever about the wording of the Bull to convey such a sense, and even Dr. Littledale, since he believes (though wrongly) Julius as well as his two predecessors to have been simoniacally elected, should have hesitated to charge the aspersed Pope with the folly of cutting off the branch on which he sat. I am thankful, however, to Dr. Littledale for sending me on a search through the treatise of Gambara, as it has supplied me with a reference we shall presently find most useful. Meanwhile we must lament that our canonist did not consult the treatise of Cardinal Jaccovaccio (1533),[1] who argues most conclusively, reciting the opinion of others in confirmation of his own, that simony was not previously to the Bull of Julius an invalidating defect, at all events, when the election had been followed by enthronization. He argues from the Bull of Alexander III. that when a majority of two-thirds, always necessary, has been secured, no exception or opposition to the election can be taken on any ground whatever. I may add that Jaccovaccio had in view the Bull of Julius II., and mentions it

[1] *De Concilio*, lib. iv. art. 4.

as having changed the state of the question. We may therefore disregard altogether for present purposes, though without conceding, the charges of simony against the elections of Innocent, Alexander, Julius, or any of their predecessors, thereby delivering ourselves at last of the entire contents of Dr. Littledale's terrible black list.

But what about the Popes subsequent to the Bull of Julius? Dr. Littledale only sets down one, namely, Clement VII., the Pope who, despite his timidity of character, stood out so bravely against Henry VIII. Let us for the moment, and for the sake of argument, admit this to be a true charge, that we may consider the application of the Bull to such a case. Of course simony would have invalidated his election in the first instance, but can we say that the original defect was healed by the subsequent acceptation of the Church? We have at least good canonical authority for assenting to this view. Schmalzgrueber writes:

> When the election of the Cardinals has been invalid, it cannot confer any title upon the elect. Hence the acceptance of the Universal Church must be awaited, which if it supervenes will heal the effect of an invalid election . . . provided the disqualification is one of positive law (such as the disqualification of simony would be).[1]

Nor is Schmalzgrueber's authority to be set aside for the trifling reason which is all that Dr. Littledale can bring against it. He points to the phrase in the Bull *Quum tam divino*, which says that a simoniacal election shall not be revalidated "by any lapse of time" (as involving prescription). All that such an

[1] Tom. i. p. 376.

argument on the part of our canonist proves is the insufficiency of his knowledge of canon law. One rule of legal interpretation is that the language of a law is to be taken in its proper and usual sense, *unless any absurd or unjust consequence* should follow from so taking it, and should render the law itself altogether useless. Dr. Littledale's proposed interpretation of the words, "shall not be revalidated by any lapse of time," sins against this rule. His very contention is that the effect of the law is to create an *impasse*, and so deprive the Church of an essential element in her constitution. For this reason alone his proposed interpretation stands condemned; and, in fact, it is clear from the Bull that the object of the phrase is merely to give elbow room to the Cardinals who may have to take action against the intruder. It is to meet the case of a simoniacal intruder, who might well say, "You have let some weeks or more pass without taking action, and now it is too late." Whereas, on the other hand, in dealing with a matter of such delicacy and difficulty, the Cardinals would need to delay action for a while.

So much has been said on the supposition that there has been, even after the Bull of Julius, a simoniacal election to the Papacy, but we must deny that there ever has been, and this on the following grounds:

(*a*) The charge against Clement VII. rests only on the authority of Guicciardini, an Italian historical writer of the period—if indeed Guicciardini says as much, which is doubtful—and Guicciardini's authority in such matters is none of the best. One naturally asks oneself too whence Guicciardini could have got

his information. His statement is that at the Conclave the Cardinal Colonna went spontaneously to Cardinal de Medici (*i.e.*, Clement) and offered to help him: that after that de Medici, by an extremely secret document, promised Colonna the office of Camerlengo. Did Clement himself or did Colonna mention this to an outsider at the risk of being made to feel the consequence of the Bull *Quum tam divino*, or if it is said that the paper got discovered, how could two clever men run the useless risk of so compromising a written paper? Is it not more likely that the story originated in the gossip of the Conclavists? Of these, Lucius Lector, a quite recent writer on Conclaves, tells us that

> Their notes (though often indiscreetly used by the historians of Conclaves) are very useful to fix dates, reveal names, furnish episodes and anecdotes, but they too often fail to catch the more serious side of things, that is to say, the more fundamental and interior reasons of what is going on. These good abbés are very attentive to the incidents and, if the term may be pardoned, to the gossip which goes on in the offices and the lobbies, but are usually much wanting in political appreciation. They do not take comprehensive views of things, and are too apt to think that great effects spring from tiny causes.[1]

Since it is most probable that Guicciardini's source of information was of this kind, if so good, we may surely decline to be moved by his testimony, the more so as Gambara (the writer to whom Dr. Littledale has so kindly referred me) says expressly:

> (The Bull) of Julius II., *Quum tam divino*, treats . . . of the election of the Roman Pontiff with great foresight, and provides excellent remedies to prevent simony being

[1] *Le Conclave*, p. 407.

committed at the election of Roman Pontiffs, for any alteration of the constitution is forbidden even to the Cardinals during the vacancy of the See. It is a constitution most holy, and one which cannot be over-praised, and may it ever be observed. It was the cause of the promotion to the Pontifical dignity of His present Holiness (Clement VII.), who never put trust in treasures of gold.[1]

Since Gambara was then Auditor of the Apostolic Palace and Papal Vicar, his testimony is of value, and, after all, Clement is a man of whose personal character we know something from his dealings with Henry VIII., and these all show (however it may have been denied) that he was a truly conscientious man. Why, then, if simoniacally elected, did he not resign, at least at some time or other?

A further and still more weighty reason for disbelieving that since the Bull *Quum tam divino* was issued there has been any real instance of a simoniacal election, whether of Clement or any other, is because it is quite inconceivable that with so many Cardinals and others whose duty it would have been in such a crisis to take action for the deliverance of the Church from a spurious Pope, not one should have responded to the evident obligation. Some Cardinals, let us grant, may have been so wicked as to have condoned and concealed the simony, but it is rather a large order to require us to believe that at any Papal election during this recent period there was not present a single Cardinal conscientious enough to rise to the responsibilities of his position.

But the chief reason for confidence that, since the Bull *Quum tam divino*, there has never been another simoniacal Papal election, is drawn from the theo-

[1] *De Auct. Legati de Latere*, lib. ii. nn. 424—427.

logical principle with which we started, the principle that the special Providence (or *Assistentia*) which watches over the Church will not allow it to adhere to a spurious Pontiff; and it is probably truer to say, as well as more commonly held by theologians, that if, on a doubt arising as to the validity of an election, the acceptation by the Universal Church is to be awaited, it is awaited, not as *ratifying* a title which was till then invalid, but as a sure *sign* that the hitherto doubtful title was all along valid.

We might end here, for very little, I venture to think, of Dr. Littledale's formidable indictment is left standing. Still, he has his reply to the principle I have insisted on so much, which let him give in his own words.

> The only plea which can be set up in defence of the Ultramontane theory is that of begging the whole question, and saying: "As it is certain that St. Peter did receive the privileges of Infallibility and Sovereign Jurisdiction over the whole Church, and that he conveyed and transmitted them indefeasibly to the Popes of Rome, who are his successors, it is necessary to believe as matter of faith, in despite of any seemingly adverse testimony, that God took care that the gates of Hell should never prevail against His Church, and that the succession on which all true jurisdiction depends has been preserved unimpaired amidst all troubles and dangers which have beset it."
>
> This, of course, does not meet the difficulty at all, and the truer way of regarding the question is to say: "If God have indeed attached such inestimable privileges to the Papal Chair, and if, as all theologians and canonists agree, the occupant of that chair must be validly elected in order to exercise them, then we shall find on inquiry that the line has been regular and undisputed from the first; that no doubt, and, above all, no invalidity, attaches to any one of those reckoned in the succession. And the super-

abundant proof that such is not the case, that actually no See in the whole world has so many flaws of the gravest kind in its pedigree, none has ever sunk morally so low and so often in the person of its Pontiffs, is the final disproof of the Petrine claims, as a mere human legend, destitute of any Scriptural, legal, or historical basis." [1]

And elsewhere he says "the (local) Church of Rome is the typical home of schism."

That there is no begging of the question in the line of reasoning we have followed, has been shown sufficiently in the earlier part of this tract. We do not assume, but prove, by solid and invincible arguments, that the Supremacy was instituted for the Church and destined to continue in her to the end; and this proof having been solidly established, we are clearly entitled to deduce from it the further consequences which it involves.

What, however, are we to say of Dr. Littledale's suggested inversion of our argument—that if the Papacy had been a Divine institution, there would have been no disputes, or scandals, or flaws, in the Papal Succession, but that it would have passed down the ages, those turbulent ages, in an ever tranquil and undisturbed course? We must say to this suggestion that it is precisely analogous to that which is so often advanced to prove that there is no God. "If God's providence watched over the Papacy," says Dr. Littledale, "it would not allow these scandals to disturb the preservation of the Papal line." "If God's providence ruled this world," says the atheist, "it would not allow human liberty to introduce so many and such terrible scandals, causing the loss of so many

[1] *Petrine Claims*, p. 339.

souls." In both cases the answer must be, that it is not for us to prescribe to the providence of God how much of the evil exercise of free-will it shall tolerate, how much stay. If we watch we shall detect ample signs of God's action in the world, and if there are also occcurrences which to our short-sightedness escape its purview, we must be content to believe that God has wise grounds for permitting them. In like manner we must reason of the Papacy. Twenty-five years ago our narrowminded prudence was apt to think it impossible that God should permit the Pope to be deprived of the free government of his own city. Now we know that it is possible, and that out of the very depths of the seeming impossibility, God can guide the Papacy to the grandest illustrations of its Divine character.

And so, too, must we judge of the past. There are unquestionably some chapters in the history of the long line of Popes which, as we read them, fill our hearts with sadness and our minds with astonishment. Had we lived in the days when St. Peter received his great commission, and had we realized the greatness of the trust confided to his successors, together with the special providence given to aid them in its discharge, we might perhaps have been prone to assert that such scandals as have at times happened must needs have been prevented. But in so judging we should only have been revealing the narrowness of our conceptions, and must now allow that God's thoughts have proved to be not our thoughts. He has allowed more than we perhaps should have thought possible to the action of the rebellious free-will, and yet at the

same time He has stamped the history of Peter's See with the evidences of His providential action in characters too plain to be mistaken. Dr. Littledale has ventured to speak of that august line of Pontiffs as if it were chiefly characterized by its moral vileness. "No see in the whole world . . . ever sunk morally so low and so often in the person of its Pontiffs." This certainly is not the general verdict on the line as a whole, a line which, on the contrary, is recognized as surpassing immensely all other successions, whether of Bishops or Princes. We have seen, too, that it is grossly exaggerated even as regards that series of Pontiffs against whom most has been charged. And when told that the Papacy has been the "typical home of schism," we may remember that the schisms have been, without a single real exception, not in the Papacy but against it, and, remembering this, we may request Dr. Littledale to change his simile for one more familiar, and say rather that the Papacy has shown itself to be the typical rock against which the storms of sin and of worldliness have ever directed their chief assaults. After all, when we read of the material force arrayed against the Papacy in the interests of worldliness so often and so persistently, and of its demands carried to such lengths, we should not wonder so much that it succeeded in placing on the throne of St. Peter an occasional unworthy occupant, or involving some Papal elections in discreditable scandals, but we must rather wonder that no worse results followed, such as the propounding of false doctrines, or a general corruption of the Church's life. We must wonder, also, that so marvellous a power of recovery has

invariably manifested itself, drawing needed regeneration out of the very depths of the scandals. Our wonder, too, should be at the accurate correspondence between the fulfilment and foreshadowing. For when our Lord sat in the barque of Peter to prefigure His future providence over Peter's See, we do not read that the ship was floating in calm waters, but we read that there was a great tempest, great enough to make stout hearts quake, and faithful hearts fail, and that He seemed meanwhile to sleep a sleep of weakness; and yet that there was no ground for faith to fear.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

WE live in an age of earnestness and zeal, and of religious activity: and these are not confined to one body of Christians in our country, but are, more or less, evidenced by all. For this we are thankful, "we rejoice yea, and will rejoice," because anything is better than lukewarmness, or indifference, in matters pertaining to our souls.

As regards the Church of England, the chronicles of the Catholic Revival have been copiously written. If imitation be the sincerest flattery, we are complimented by the persistent energy with which High Churchmen copy the practices of that Communion to which their ancestors ceased to belong three hundred years ago. And in distinctively "modern Roman" matters they follow us, as, *e.g.*, in, here and there, practising a quasi-Benediction service, or in the use of the "three hours" on Good Friday, which is now most popular, even in cathedrals.

And the Church of Scotland is following her Established sister of England. Presbyterian churches are no longer built like barns; restorations are correctly carried out; organs are found in many places; daily services are becoming popular; communion tables are erected and decently vested; floral decoration are frequent; services, more or less choral, make their way; the dispensation of the Lord's Supper is no longer confined to the spring and autumn; Church seasons are observed

extemporaneous prayers are displaced by forms borrowed to a great extent from the Book of Common Prayer, which in its turn owes most of its beauties to the Missal and Breviary; a higher Eucharistic doctrine is preached, and some ministers go so far as to advocate prayers for the dead, although praying for the dead, if there be no purgatory, seems unnecessary and, indeed, ridiculous. The *Scottish Hymnal* vies with *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, many of the hymns in both compilations being borrowed from Catholic sources. It is also noteworthy that the dissenting communions in England and Scotland, are, in such things, following the example set by the Established Churches of both countries, of which they are at once the offspring and the rivals.

Now how do Catholics regard such phenomena? Some will say, with jealousy, suspicion, and dislike. Not at all. We view them as means to an end. In themselves, stopping short with them, they are of no importance, and may be mischievous. Rites and ceremonies, pious customs, religious revivals, do not change the canonical status of a Christian society. If orders are doubtful, or invalid, restored ritual does not make them a bit the less doubtful. If a communion be in schism,—separated from the Vine, and the Guardian of the Vine,—incense and processions, frequent celebrations, and stately services, do not heal the schism, or give life to the branch severed from the trunk. But they may, and often do, have the effect of causing people to think and inquire—"by what authority are these things done? They are primitive and apostolic we are assured. Yes. But is our doctrine primitive and apostolic? Or our isolated position? What avail all these restorations, if we are outside the Fold of Christ?" People begin to ask such questions of themselves, and the revived usages which have attracted them thus far, lead them

further still, and bring them face to face with the One Thing Needful, which is—Authority. Is there, upon earth, a Divine Guide or Teacher, and if so, what, and where, is it? Thus revived and restored ritual paves the the way to better things, and becomes a means to an end

It seems quite inconceivable that God, who loves us, and who wills all men to be saved, should cast His creatures adrift in this world without some visible Guide to bring them to "the haven where they would be—" to our fatherland, which is heaven. I say a visible guide; for one who cannot be seen or heard, or addressed, would hardly be of much use. Moreover, the guide, or teacher, must be divine, otherwise he cannot bind our consciences, and being divine, he must, of course, be infallible; and, indeed, to submit will and intellect to an authority not infallible, liable to err, would be the act of a fool. Now this is the question to which earnest non-Catholic Christians should address themselves. Much time is wasted in putting the cart before the horse, and discussing questions such as Anglican Orders, primitive customs, mediæval usages, Sarum liturgical colours, the practices of the "Undivided Church," how far the Oriental Churches differ from Rome, and how near they approach to Anglicanism, all of which may be interesting in a publication like (say) *Notes and Queries*, but really have nothing to do with what separates the Churches from the Church, or with the salvation of souls. If to obey the Divine Teacher (supposing there be one) is the One Thing Needful, what can, for example, the question of orders or no orders have to do with the matter? Absolutely nothing.

I say—supposing there be one. If there be *not* one, well, the matter drops, and every man may choose his

own religion, according to his fancy or taste. If God has not given us One Religion as the sole depository of revealed truth, to the exclusion of all others, then surely man has a right to adopt that religion (if he wants a religion at all) which he finds most comforting and consoling. Nay, he may change about to suit his convenience. If there be no divinely appointed way, a man may legitimately take that way to which he may be inclined by feeling or opinion or experience ; or, in other words, one religion, say, Episcopacy, or Presbyterianism, or the Salvation Army, is just as good—or as bad —as another.

Looking round upon divided Christendom, do we find any religious society which claims to possess the One Thing Needful—authority and mission from God,—and to be the Divine Teacher of the nations? Take the Greco-Russian Church. If that venerable and most conservative of communions *does* make this claim to "go and teach" all people, she has an odd way of carrying it out. She seems to care for nobody and nothing outside herself. She makes no effort to convert Western Europe. She has churches of her own rite, here and there, in large towns, where commerce attracts Greek merchants—but that is all. She is not aggressive, and does not lay herself out to endeavour to bring the nations within her fold, as is her bounden duty, supposing that she is the one heavenly-appointed Guide. Nay, she allows that the West is legitimately ruled by the Patriarch of Rome, and that that part of the West (the Church of England) which forsook Rome is bound to return to that obedience. But she makes no effort to draw Anglicans (or any other people) within her pale, and I can recollect only two members of the Church of England who have joined the Orthodox Communion. I think, then, we may

dismiss the Greek Church and her claims, if she seriously makes any, to lead the nations and guide them into all truth.

Next in importance come the Church of England and the bodies in communion with her. It must be conceded that she, in some respects, compares favourably with the Greco-Russian Church. She has zeal, activity, religious earnestness, a clergy second to none in culture and learning, and is by no means unsuccessful in the many good works which she undertakes. Moreover, as far as her formularies go, she is not heretical on the *Filioque* question. I say, as far as her formularies go, but it must be remembered that, as we are told in Dr. Pusey's *Life*, these formularies are, and have been, accepted in various senses, which is somewhat awkward for those desiring to know what they teach. And efforts are constantly being made to get rid of some of these formularies, such as, *e.g.*, the Athanasian Creed, although, happily, such efforts have hitherto failed. In one important respect, however, the Church of England is at a great disadvantage as compared with the "unchanging East." The stagnant and sterile Greek Church has a homogeneous creed. All her bishops and clergy agree in teaching one doctrine, and all her people in accepting the same, and, roughly speaking, she differs from Rome in two points only, the *Filioque* in the Nicene Symbol, and the rejection of Papal authority.

But in all other points, transubstantiation, devotion towards the saints, "Mariolatry," use of relics and holy pictures, and prayers for the dead (to mention a few), she is at one with Rome. It may be urged that she has no dispensations, and no indulgences. Of course not. How could she have such, when she has lost that head and mouthpiece who alone can grant such, or empower

others to grant them? Now the Anglican body cannot claim anything but various and vague opinions. She cannot speak, or if any of her bishops and priests do speak, they run the risk of being at once contradicted by some other bishops or clergymen. Compare the utterances of Bishop Perowne with those of one of the Canons of his own Cathedral Church of Worcester, or those of Bishop King and Bishop Ryle; and reflect that, in any large town, what is preached in an advanced High Church will be flatly denied in a Low Church, but a few streets away. And Low Church and High Church speak with equal authority—if either of them has any authority at all. As opinions of good and cultured men, the utterance of Anglican ecclesiastics may be interesting, but they can have no other value, and can in no way be binding upon any of their spiritual subjects, or upon any one else. Indeed, they attract no attention, and no one supposes that they are anything but pious personal sentiments. Whatever else the Church of England may do, or not do, she cannot ask her children to listen to her as to the One Divine Oracle, or the One Messenger sent from God, and, to do her justice, she has never put forward a claim so palpably absurd.

One more theory may be noticed. It is this: That there was once a Divine Teacher, but, since the Photian Schism, when the Church was no longer "undivided," the Teacher has lost his power of utterance. In other words, Almighty God placed a Church upon earth "to guide men into all truth," "all days even to the end of the world," but it was such a feeble erection, that it came to grief after a thousand years, or less, of existence.* Such a theory is hardly complimentary to the Divine Author of Christianity, as it assumes that He is unable to control the work of His own hands, and that He was inac-

* See *Geographical Catholicism*, price ½d., C.T.S.

curate in saying that the gates of hell should not prevail against His Church. It is even more absurd than geographical Catholicism, which holds that certain countries have, indeed, Divine Teachers, but what one may teach as of faith in one part of the globe, is by no means to be believed in another land. We may dismiss such pleadings as unworthy of serious consideration, and as quite unable to satisfy the cry of distressed wanderers—"O send forth Thy light and truth that they may lead me, and bring me to Thy holy hill and to Thy dwelling!"

What then remains? One Body which claims, and, on the evidence of friend and foe, always has claimed, to be *the* Prophet sent by God. Do not waste time by asking what her faith or doctrines are. That is to begin at the wrong end. If she make good her claims, as Teacher, to any inquirer, he will believe what she teaches, not because he approves of the doctrine, or because it is edifying, or consoling, or agreeable; but simply and solely because it is "taught of God," and for no other reason. And, having submitted to the Divine Oracle, he practises henceforth what St. Paul calls "the obedience of faith," and has, as his reward, what he can have nowhere outside Rome, "the joy and peace of believing."

"Ah!" I hear an anxious Anglican say, "can you be sure of that? Are there not many things disliked even by Roman Catholics in your Church?" Possibly—probably. But they are matters of discipline or devotion—not of faith. A Catholic may feel (for example) some of the rules of fasting occasionally irksome. Still he keeps them, or, for good reason, obtains permission to break them. Again, habits and customs, ways and manners, pious practices and local devotions may not always commend themselves. But these are all largely

matters of taste, choice, and perhaps of fashion. We are allowed the utmost latitude as regards such things. The Church makes full allowance for the likes and dislikes—nay, for the prejudices—of her children. Even in hearing Mass there is absolute freedom as to how one follows the Great Action. It is quite possible that at Mass, in a congregation of, say, two or three hundred people, no two persons are using precisely the same prayers. We are in nowise hindered or hampered by forms of prayer, or bound down to any particular book or method of devotion. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

And even if there be on the part of the convert, a tender, if sentimental, leaning to and lingering over the memory of old and dear associations, he will reflect that if he has (as he may think) lost much, yet he has gained more. He is in communion with the See of Peter—its past, its present, its future; he claims as his own, and they claim him, millions of souls departed, or still upon earth; he has left the City of confusion, and has found that City "which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;" he has the Blessed Virgin as his Mother, and the Saints and Angels as his helpers at the Throne of Grace; countless Masses upon earth and endless prayers in heaven assist him to persevere; and as years pass by, and the shadows begin to lengthen upon the hills, and it is with him "towards evening," he feels more and more the *soliditas Cathedræ Petri*, and that, like Mary of old, he has chosen the better part and found the One Thing Needful, and, in the Chair of the Chief Shepherd, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

G. A.

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The Fate of a Rosary.

By Mrs. Dominic Daly.

One of the first presents made to me upon my reception into the Church, sixteen years ago, was a strong coco-nut rosary, strung on stout steel wire.

The donor was an Irish Bishop in the far west of the sister isle, at whose hands I received conditional baptism—to whom, under God, I owe the privilege of being a Catholic.

How my rosary fell into other hands is the subject of this little story.

Shortly after my reception, before I had half realised the delights and consolation of my newly-found Faith, it was my lot to be obliged to leave England, and, with my children, to take a long voyage to the far east.

Our destination was the native states on the Malay Peninsula, which had been recently taken under the protection of the British Government. I knew before I left England that, once in Malaya, I should seldom if ever be able to hear Mass, or get Benediction: but it was a case of duty; my husband was stationed there, and we had already been away from him for two years.

With a plentiful supply of richly-bound books of devotion—gifts showered upon me by those good souls

who had prayed for my conversion—with a beautiful Munich crucifix, with statuettes of Our Lady and Saint Joseph, with scapular and rosary, I faced the starved spiritual life I knew lay before me.

Our first glimpse at the Malay Peninsula began at Malacca; a fitting place for a Catholic to land, before going into the wild jungles beyond it. I had long wished to see the town which the life of Saint Francis Xavier makes so familiar to us, and which has consecrated the place to the Catholic world; and I found Malacca the most interesting of the three British towns in the Straits settlements; the other two are Singapore and Penang.

It lies at the foot of some hills, cleared, alas! of their beautiful old trees, those of the primeval forests, to make room for the white sepulchres of a Chinese cemetery. In the immediate foreground, on a hill standing alone, just overlooking the town, is the ruined church, Notre Dame del Monte, roofless, open to the sky, its old tombs intergrown with moss and fern. A portion of the church has been utilised for marine stores: and a signal station, from which the arrival and departure of shipping is duly chronicled by means of the flags used in the commercial code, has been built over the old doorway. Here St. Francis Xavier said Mass, preached, rang his bell himself to gather his flock together, who were dressed in the gay fashion of the time, in silken doublets, and trunk hose, rapiers and ruffs, like the pictures of the Tudor period in the National Gallery.

We know how deplorable the place was in his time, how he wept over Malacca, which bore the reputation of being the wickedest city in the world, when he began his work there. Later on his body rested there on its way to Goa, where he is buried, and the pious hands of a Catholic Governor, Sir Frederick Weld—God rest his soul!—placed a brass tablet in the ruined sacristy to record the fact.

At the foot of this hill, below the church, shaded by a group of beautiful trees, stands the house in which Saint Francis lived. It is well built of brick, and is constantly in occupation; when I saw it, it was in excellent order, neatly white-washed, and had green shutters. You enter under a deep verandah, arched and paved like a Dutch building. The bright golden beach is within a few yards of the house, bordered with palms, whose graceful leaves almost dip into the blue water—a fit setting for the home of a Saint, who won his way to heaven, and his place on the altars of the Church, in a way which ranks little short of martyrdom. Further down the beach, towards the south, still following the indentations of the glowing tropical shores, lapped lazily by tiny wavelets, with their soft cooing murmur playing gently on the soft coral sand, is the Convent of the Holy Child.

The house stands in the midst of a beautiful garden, overshadowed by tall trees, bearing scarlet blossoms, and planted with roses, oleanders, lilies and stephanotis. In its shadiest recesses is to be found a fine collection of ferns, collected by the Sisters, some given them by the English ladies, who irrespective of creed, send specimens of the best they have to the sweet, sensible, hard-working nuns who are doing work, blessed by God, in the quaint old-world town.

Behind the Convent, stretching down to the water's edge, is a coco-nut plantation, and in the lattice of shadows, cast by the great rustling leaves, play children of all sizes; from infants whose age is only reckoned by weeks to girls of fifteen and sixteen years old. Some of the children have been rescued from fates more or less deplorable—some are placed there by Christian parents, who feel secure about their children, especially the girls, when under the care of Catholic Religious.

They are a picturesque, laughing set of girls: their brown skins, sleek black hair, and large brown eyes,

proclaim the greater number to be Malays, while there are others more beautiful, and slenderly built, whose swarthy skin, almost Greek type of face, and graceful movements, denote the descendants of the Hindoo race. Sturdier, yellower, and more clever, are the little almond-eyed Chinese children, who seem to have caught a strain of European blood, so smart and unoriental are some of their characteristics.

Many of the girls take their sewing out of doors, and chatter incessantly, while the tiny children go in for mud pies and the erection of sand-castles, like their prototypes on western sea-side places; others cuddle dolls, and a few read story books.

Overhead is a clear cloudless sky, so wonderfully, so tenderly blue, as to suggest the thought that the mantle of Our Blessed Lady is spread over the vast space as a protection to the "exiles here below."

II.

In this Convent of the Holy Child, Teresa Van Hoodt, the heroine of this little story was brought up and educated. The nuns took care of her from the time of her mother's death, and we have to do with her at the age of fourteen. She was then slim, tall for a Eurasian, and very pretty, with soft, shy dark eyes that looked up dreamily under long jetty fringed lashes; she was not of pure Dutch extraction, there was Hindoo blood in her veins, and from that side of her family she had taken the classic Greek face and well-shaped head, while to her Dutch father she owed a certain amount of steady character and a talent for house-keeping. The nuns were very proud of Teresa; she had carried off most of the prizes for school work, was one of their most capable embroideresses, and possessed no small skill as a cook. Her curries, and sambals—the accompaniment of curry,—pickles and sweetmeats, were known all over Malacca.

In some way or other, the girl, almost precociously clever, came to be something of a celebrity, and was much talked of by visitors to the convent, who were surprised to see so lovely a child possessing so many useful qualifications.

Over and over again the Mother Assistant shook her head over the increasing admiration that was showered on Teresa, who was, however, free from self-consciousness, and exceeding sensible. Troops were stationed in the place at the time and, as may be imagined, the good nuns, the greater number of whom were French women, were shy of allowing their precious child to be exposed to the admiring gaze of the brawny men of the —th.

"Do not be at all alarmed, Mère Baptiste," said the good Padre, who knew every thought and aspiration of the child: "she will never marry a soldier. I am confident of that, unless we find a good Catholic amongst them, and from my own experience of the detachment stationed here that is not at all likely."

But we all know how the most carefully arranged plans for young people have a knack of going awry. What Mère Baptiste dreaded did not occur, but the destiny of Teresa was turned into another and quite unexpected direction.

Some months after the good Mère Baptiste had disclosed her anxieties to Father Francis, Teresa was employed up at the Stadt House by the wife of one of the English officials, to mend some fine old lace, which she had torn while landing from a party given on board the gunboat stationed in the Straits of Malacca. While staying with this lady, Teresa chanced to make the acquaintance of her husband's secretary, a young man named Reginald Hughes.

Like herself, Hughes was of that mixed nationality known as Eurasian; his father was English, the serjeant of one of the old East India Company's regiments, his

mother a Burmese native. He was a clever young fellow, educated at Madras, and was as good a clerk and accountant as it was possible to find. For his station in life he was well off; his father had made a little money, and he inherited it. His mother was alive, supported partly by Hughes; but in virtue of his superior attainments the old lady was relegated to the back premises, where she watched over his interests—the cattle he owned, and various small investments in native shops, which his thrifty habits had enabled him to make.

Upon the face of things it looked well, and the young people speedily passed from the phase of mere acquaintanceship to that of lovers. Teresa's father had retired from the sea some years before his death, and had left the girl amply provided for: so that Teresa was a girl well worth winning.

And when the thing came to be talked over, really there seemed nothing to wait for. Teresa's age was the only thing that seemed incongruous: Mère Baptiste begged hard for a year's delay, for the child was not fifteen.

Father Francis was appealed to, but nothing that he could say had any avail. Teresa seemed to be warmly attached and Hughes was apparently head over heels in love with her. In the tropics brides of fifteen are too common to attract much comment.

And so the preparations for the wedding went on. Teresa's trousseau occupied the thoughts of the convent girls to a great extent, and as a matter of fact was made by them, out under the palm trees, where you could have heard sounds of merry laughter. Married women, who had been brought up at the convent came back to see little Teresa, whom they remembered as a tiny child, the fairest flower of the convent for many a year, to offer hints about her things, and to tell them all what was the mode reigning in Singapore and Penang at the moment. There are degrees of fashion everywhere,

and those women who wore the native dress, the sarong and kabayah, had as much to say about fine cambric and native "chickon work," with which their kabayahs were trimmed, as the young women who discarded native dress, except in the back verandahs by their own bungalows, could tell them about the last sweet thing to be seen in the pages of the *Young Ladies' Journal* and some old numbers of the *Queen*.

Hughes's mother did not come down or venture to make any suggestions about the outfit of her daughter-in-law. She was getting older, and darker, and her attire gained in colour—after the manner of elderly ladies—for, she sought to restore the ravages of age by wearing smarter headcloths and heavier gold ornaments. The cattle and the takings of the native shops interested her far more than girls' trousseaux—and it was noticed afterwards, by the Dhobi and by the Hindoo barber, that Mem Hughes seemed more keen than ever in the collection of her son's rents, and made one or two remarkably good sales of milch cows.

III

From the first Mère Baptiste declared she did not like the young man. Upon being asked why, she could give no better reason than "because she did not:" something warned her that the approaching marriage would not tend to make Teresa's life a happy one; but as there was no valid objection that she could raise, either upon the score of religion or his worldly prospects, the wedding was bound to take place.

Hughes made the bride some handsome presents: he bought gold bangles from the Chinese jewellers, and fitted them upon Teresa's slender brown wrist, and fixed heavy ear-rings in the delicate lobes of her shell-like ears.

The girl anxiously regarded herself when her looking-

glass reflected all this finery: "Can this be me?" she said to herself.

A few weeks previously, she had owned nothing more valuable than a silver medal of Our Lady, which she wore on a broad blue ribbon on feast days, and a good strong rosary, which she used every day. Her dress now seemed far too grand for her; though she was so pretty that if she had been vainer it would not have been at all to be wondered at.

But the night before the wedding, the poor child was found shuddering and sobbing, with her head pressed on the cold tiles at the foot of the high altar in the Convent Chapel. Here Mère Baptiste found her. The nun mingled her tears with the child's; and again her fears rose afresh, but she soothed Teresa, and at last led her back to her little room and knelt beside her, true to the last, till she saw the large eyes close in sleep.

"He frightened me, Mother," was all that could be extracted from the half hysterical girl the following morning.

Immediately after the ceremony was concluded, the bride and bridegroom went to the Stadt House; the old Dutch building, which has known many changes of government, since its Tudor gables first graced the town. Here there was a wedding breakfast, at which several friends, official and unofficial, of the bridegroom, and those who had known Teresa since her childhood. The assembly was for the most part Eurasian, but the Resident of Batu was there, and proposed the health of his faithful secretary in complimentary terms. Nothing seemed wanting to complete the happy outlook of the young bride's prospects.

And then the young couple took a last farewell of the Convent. Teresa clung to Mère Baptiste as though she could not tear herself away, and the fright with which she had been overtaken the previous evening, broke out again while Hughes walked up and down the path outside the Convent alone.

He was not plain to look at, but his good looks were spoilt by the heaviness of his jaw, and a cruel low type of head. His eyes were fine and glanced quickly, his nose was aquiline; the Burmese traits came out in his mouth, and in the coarseness of his dark brown hair. Casual observers would have said he was handsome: his figure was tall and straight, and he carried himself well; his hands were small and delicately made.

He brushed some of the blossoms off an oleander, and trod them underfoot roughly. Something seemed to have displeased him, and as he tore up a note on which were scrawled Arabic characters, the little pieces of white paper were caught by the wind and were whirling about his head as he turned back towards the convent door, where Teresa and Mère Baptiste were saying their last words.

He came up to them smiling, and took Teresa's hand in his, saying: "It is time, the steamer will leave for Batu very soon." Then some coolies came, laden with the boxes, and Teresa and Mère Baptiste were parted at last.

By degrees the last of the familiar landmarks faded from her view. Teresa sat watching them fade; the last to sink out of sight was the ruined tower of Notre Dame del Monte, rendered dimmer sooner than it might have been by the mists of tears which hung about Teresa's eyes. The bridegroom stood about on the deck, smoking and laughing with the different acquaintances of whom he had many on board; paying but little attention to the lonely, sad-hearted child, who sat looking with sad eyes at the fast receding settlement.

At last it dawned upon Hughes that it was only decorous that he should pay some little attention to his bride. He left his companions and sat down beside the girl-wife.

"Don't cry, Teresa," he said, taking her hand in his. "We shall show you something better than the dull life you have been leading shut up in that stupid Con-

vent. I have built a nice house for you at Batu, and bought some beautiful English furniture: you have pretty dresses, and I shall want you to look smart, and show the other women you are as good as they are."

"I will try, Reginald, you are very kind; but the Convent has been my home since I can remember anything. I cannot help fretting a little, you know, but I will try and not cry." She spoke English with a curious foreign accent, partly French, and partly with a clipping of the words that for a want of a better term is known in the East as "chee chee;" but her voice was soft and melodious, and her manners were always pleasant and had even an air of breeding.

With that curious command of will, inherent in the oriental character, Teresa dried her eyes, and did her best to listen attentively to her husband's description of their future home.

IV.

One of Mère Baptiste's greatest fears about the marriage, and she had several, was the dread lest the young Eurasian should prove to be a bad Catholic. She knew from experience how prone young men are in the East, when cut off from the privileges and attractions of the religion and its duties, to become lax in their personal observances of it. Apparently, however, there was nothing to fear. Father Francis made enquiries and nothing could be ascertained, except that which was satisfactory.

Orientals are deep; it is easy to get to a certain depth and think you have reached the bottom, but there is always a lower circle hidden from the general view.

The dear old nun, well versed in human nature, had detected what others did not—the veneer of piety thinly spread over Mr. Reginald Hughes' general demeanour. Like a wise woman, she held her tongue when she found no one would listen to her, but she silently besought

Our Blessed Lady to watch over the child: "now and at the hour of her death," was the supplication humbly poured forth each evening before she retired to rest, in the narrow precincts of her cell.

Some months went by. Teresa wrote regularly to the convent from her home in the Malay States; neat little letters in fine angular French handwriting, full of everyday detail about her home, and of her two Chinese servants, and the way she managed her marketing. She was fond of her garden too, and the nuns were glad to hear Teresa had this source of amusement: the cuttings given her from the Convent were doing well: Sœur Présentation had made up a fine box of plants, many of them coming into flower.

Then came a long silence. The Sisters began to get anxious. Mère Baptiste, looking out into the brilliantly blue sky bespangled with stars, which glistened and twinkled in the warm still night, turned her face in the direction of Teresa's home, and repeated more fervently, "now and at the hour of her death, dear Mother."

It was just about the time that it fell to my lot to make the acquaintance of this interesting child-bride.

My husband, in whose district the Hugheses lived, asked me to call upon them as soon as they arrived. I did so, and was struck, as everyone was, by Teresa's pretty fresh face, but even more so by her neat-handed ways and clever housekeeping. The old Burmese mother kept discreetly out of sight, and I did not know who she was till afterwards.

I thought the child lonely; there were no people quite of the same class in the district, and none of the Eurasians were Catholics, except Hughes and his wife; so I asked her to come up to our bungalow and have tea in the nursery quarters. She struck me as being too much of a child to be formally invited to dinner, besides she was an Eurasian, and it would have been hardly *comme il faut* to mix Eurasians with the small

European community that constituted society at Batu.

It was very amusing to see Teresa in the nursery: she became even more of a child, and my Catholic nurse made everything very comfortable for the children. They had pets of all kinds, toys, books, and other possessions, which were arranged on the nursery-shelves in picturesque order.

The pets were numerous, and so tame that they were nearly always in some one's way. Canaries walked about the table during dinner, and parrots hopped from one chair to another in an impudent fashion; while a mynah mimicked me very cleverly, giving orders to the gardener and syce, and talked queer pidgin English when our cook went through the bazaar accounts with me. The children were extremely happy in their roomy quarters, which opened on to a wide verandah overlooking the garden.

Teresa developed a great taste in the dressing of dolls, and as there were always some of my little girl's family more or less short of clothes, nurse and Teresa found plenty to occupy them.

My boy hung on her very words, and she taught him more boat-sailing and things about flags and sails than anyone. The nursery bath, filled to the brim, served as the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, which he had sorely regretted when he bade adieu to our London home. Teresa's special duty, one she asked to be allowed to undertake, was the arranging of the flowers in the little nook we had set aside as our oratory. Later on I suggested to her that she should come to us on Sunday evenings and join in singing the Litany of Our Lady, and the Catholic hymns. I, of course, extended the invitation to her husband, but upon one pretext or another he invariably made excuses for not joining us; and I noticed a quiver of Teresa's pretty lips, when she in a shy manner varied the excuses her husband made for avoiding our Sunday evenings.

I did not know until afterwards that they had long since taken away all her little Catholic articles of piety; her crucifix, her rosary, her beautifully painted statues, the wedding gift of Father Francis, had all gone, and there was a rumour flying about that Hughes had openly forsaken his religion, and was steadily going back to the faith professed by his mother; that of a Brahmin, not, as I expected, a follower of Mahomet.

Things leak out rapidly in Eastern places; native servants gossip, and the Europeans gradually get to hear of matters which agitate the native mind. It began to be said that besides neglecting his wife Hughes ill-treated her, and this angered every man in the place; for Teresa was looked upon as a pet and more or less of a curiosity. She was so brave and quiet, and went about looking so fresh and neat, we all liked to have her in our houses. She grew thinner and thinner, and the circles under her eyes deepened, but from the child herself no one even gathered the enormity or the degree of her sufferings.

V.

Events followed which cast a deeper shadow over our poor little Teresa's life.

A disease broke out amongst the cattle, and Hughes lost a large number of his herd, which under his mother's careful management had considerably increased. The old lady besought her son to devise some means of stamping out the plague, and at the Resident's earnest request a veterinary surgeon was sent down from Singapore to find out what kind of murrain the animals were suffering from.

The disease appeared to be spreading all over the peninsula, and the people, too frightened to act on the suggestions of the surgeon, and take common sense precautions about infection, fell back upon pagan charms

and incantations. The Kling dhobi and the barber, a black man from Bombay, were the high priests at the shrine of Vishnu; and night was made hideous by the clanging of gongs and the yells of the worshippers at the Brahmin temple.

Hughes' mother completely lost her head: she left the back premises of her son's house, to remain day and night at the temple, where orgies as hideous as those that blacken the pagan records were nightly enacted. During the epidemic, calves, pigs, and goats were sacrificed on the filthy, dirty slab which served as an altar, wreathed with yellow allamanda and scarlet hibiscus flowers. Incense was burnt, and lamps full of cocoanut oil shed evil-smelling fumes in the hot little shrine, while around lay the Klings in a state of stupor, for, unfortunately, the vice of drunkenness has been long a characteristic of the votaries of Vishnu.

Mahomet forbade indulgence in intoxicating drinks when he drew up the tenets of Islam; and the Malays, who follow the observance of his faith to the letter, looked with disdain upon the fools who, lost to all sense of decency, became in course of time a nuisance to everybody.

We, who knew but little of the depths to which the people were sinking, wondered day after day to see Hughes' cattle garlanded with flowers, but looking thin and ill, and then driven at a certain time of the day into the Kling quarters, where there was no food, by a wild looking native, sparsely clad, and gesticulating wildly. Our children thought it rather amusing, but later on my husband told me that on no account to take any notice of the Kling people, as they were in a very excited state, and the Government were having trouble, owing to their drunken habits leading to quarrels and disturbances.

Just then we saw hardly anything of Teresa, and when I asked the reason, I was told that her husband was on leave and she could not leave home.

I was getting anxious about her, when one morning my husband's orderly brought up a note, asking me at once to go down to Mrs. Hughes's bungalow, and see her. It was reported in the bazaar she was very ill, and no one was attending to her ; the Chinese cook had at last gone down to the office and warned my husband that he thought something was wrong.

Nurse and I went down at once, and found poor Teresa lying in her bed, alone, cold and nearly comatose, looking quite livid. We aroused her after some difficulty, and got some warmth into her hands, and finally induced her to swallow some brandy, which revived her, but she was very ill.

I left nurse with her, while I went home, and sent down some coolies with a chair, as I knew we could not manage the nursing at her house. Besides although I would have done anything for Teresa, I had long since refused to hold any communication with her husband, and I was afraid of his returning at any moment.

They carried Teresa up to our bungalow, where we arranged a quiet place for her in the day nursery, and I sent for the apothecary, who was better versed than I in native poisons. I felt quite sure that some one had tried to poison the child.

Mr. Gompertz, a doctor of Madras extraction, declared the symptoms were that of "epoh," * but the dose had not been strong enough to effect its purpose. These poisons are usually so cunningly administered, and the antidote is so difficult for an ordinary person to find, that the patient often dies, apparently from natural causes: however, Gompertz was clever enough to fight the poison out of her, and she slowly came back to life. No one knew, and no one could find out who had given her the dose, and she herself would give no information.

While she was laid up in our bungalow, Teresa caught

* The juice of the Upas tree.

sight one day of my rosary, and her eyes glowed with delight at seeing the familiar objects of Catholic devotion which we had gathered around us.

At first she was very restless and nervous when night came, so much so, that one of us used to sit with her until she went to sleep. I used to sing to her, as if she were a baby, generally one of the Convent cantiques, which she hummed softly; but more often she played with my rosary, and having kissed it, coiled it round her wrist and kept it while she slept.

Eventually I gave the poor child the rosary, and wrote to my friend the Bishop, telling him that I thought I had parted with it in a good cause, and asking for another as like it as possible.

Teresa remained with us until her husband's leave was over, and left with the rosary concealed inside her dress. I wrote too, to Mère Baptiste, and told her of the terrible fate that had so nearly befallen her poor child.

Then it happened that my little boy fell ill, and I had to take him down to Singapore to consult a doctor, who ordered him home to England at once, and Teresa and I never met again.

However my husband remained at Batu, and kept me acquainted with all that went on. Not long after the children and I went home, Teresa was again taken ill in much the same way, when my own relations attended her, and she recovered after some trouble and anxiety on their part. The nursing this time was done at her house, and Hughes was seldom absent. People said he was most assiduous in his attention to her, and at the same time he never paid greater attention to his office work, and turned up in spotless white clothes as usual every day at the President's office.

The cattle disease was slowly dying out, but the old Burmese lady never relaxed her efforts at Vishnu's shrine. Clad in scarlet draperies, with many gold orna-

ments everywhere, bangles, anklets, earrings and hair-pins, her grey hair flowing loose, and a heavily embroidered covering on her head, she looked like some weird pagan priestess come back from Hades to disseminate a vile heathen cult. She drank heavily, and shrieked and smote herself in the frenzy of her fanaticism.

The contrast between the mother and the son were most remarkable, but people in the East get used to strong sensations amongst natives, and do not study the value of things as one might suppose they would. As long as life goes easily and the children keep well, the seething native life which flows round the small band of the exiled English goes on unchecked, and hardly excites comment.

VI.

My next news from Batu confirmed all tne fears that beset the fate of little Teresa.

My husband wrote to tell me that about two months after she recovered from her last mysterious attack, Teresa had again been taken ill, and this time, as it proved, she was sick unto death. My sister did all she could, Gompertz brought all his experience to bear, but this time the poison baffled him.

To the amazement of everyone Hughes sent in his resignation, and one morning appeared during the hearing of a court case in native dress, as the prosecutor in a debt case against a Chinese shopkeeper. This was the first inkling the people had of his apostacy. The rest was merely a matter of time.

Then came the news that Teresa was dying, and a special messenger was sent to Malacca to bring Father Francis back if it were possible. At all risks, my husband determined she should have the assistance of the Church to which she had proved so faithful.

While she lay hovering between life and death, Hughes added another cause to the many people had against him. He openly gave an order to the Chinese carpenter to make a coffin, and hold it in readiness for Teresa. This news was swiftly spread abroad, and the European officers clinched matters by getting hold of Hughes and giving him a thorough thrashing—nothing else would have met the case—and vowed that the poor little woman, whose life was ebbing away through some wicked means that he knew of, should not rest in any coffin made at his expense.

They were only prevented by the interference of the Resident from fastening Hughes into the coffin and leaving him to feel the weight of his own misdeeds. Gompertz declared Teresa had been poisoned, and the Resident issued a warrant for the arrest of both mother and son.

My husband was with Teresa to the last; she was not told that Hughes had been arrested, indeed she was so ill that she betrayed no surprise at his absence. She had taken out my rosary from its hiding place: what little strength she had left was consumed in touching the brown beads, and the prayers she whispered seemed to flutter from her lips. She looked happy; her face was smaller and paler, and lay like a creamy cameo on the pillow.

Towards the end my husband went back to the bungalow for our large crucifix, and placed it where her eyes could rest on the beautiful figure of our Lord, with lighted candles on either side. She became weaker and weaker; still her fingers moved on the beads of the rosary, while life remained.

Once she turned to him, and said, as if in answer to a question, "Forgive him, his mother made him do all."

Father Francis arrived just in time to give Extreme Unction, and with him Mère Baptiste, who had permission from the Superioress to go to the aid of her lost

child. Her prayers were heard, the mercy of Heaven shed its beams on the dying girl-wife. Our Lady's name was the last on her lips, "at the hour of her death."

They took Teresa down to Malacca, and buried her in consecrated ground. Mère Baptiste wrote all this to me, and enclosed in her letter a lock of Teresa's dark hair. My rosary remained in the dear child's hands, and is buried with her.

The White Cornette.

By Mrs. Raymond Barker.

Our readers, who live in a great many different parts of the world, may or may not be accustomed to the sight of the Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, as she wends her way through the crowded streets, with her dingy-blue habit and her very conspicuous head-dress—the *Cornette.*

Amidst the revolutionary Red-caps of 1793, the snowy cornette of Sister Teresa appeared like a dove in a thunder storm; its white wings hovering where blood-stained pikes were thickest and rolling drums the loudest —in the streets, in the prisons, and on the scaffold. The France of the Revolution would have no King, no Church, no Altar, no God; but the folly that fancied it could suppress all these, could not suppress the Poor.

The poor, on the contrary, were more numerous than ever: those who had formerly succoured them being now banished, guillotined, or else reduced to utter poverty themselves. Among all these—the poor who had been rich, and those who had been always poor—the sight of this white-winged coif was a signal of hope and consolation. All knew the devoted charity of its wearer.

Her charity did not save her from the enmity of the Revolution. It loudly professed the love of Liberty, it is true: but this usually meant liberty for itself, first to pick people's pockets, then to hand them over to the executioner. Sister Teresa was denounced to the Revolutionary Committee.

"Oh! if they want my head, they are welcome;" she said to one who came to warn her that the warrant for her arrest had been signed; "but mind, my cornette will be on it, and my friends will walk with me in procession to the guillotine."

As the "friends" of Sister Teresa meant nothing less than the poor of Paris, it was thought more prudent to let this valiant White Cornette alone.

One winter's afternoon, when crossing the Bridge of St. Michael, Sister Teresa found herself surrounded by a crowd of half-tipsy ragamuffins, who clamorously commanded her to dance with them round a pole, on top of which hung the red cap.

"I will dance, my friends, if that will give you pleasure; but I am very tired. I have mounted to-day into more than twenty garrets. Well? what am I to dance? a minuet, or a gavotte? choose which you will. However, I warn you that I shall keep to our old-fashioned custom in Languedoc, and each of my partners must make me a bridal present."

"But you are not a bride," they vociferated; "where is the husband?"

"My Betrothed dwells on the Altars that are not profaned; He reigns on His Throne in Heaven, and in your hearts, if you are faithful."

"You mean Jesus Christ; but what then do you want with a trousseau? If any one gave *you* lace and pearls and silks, what could you do with such finery?"

"Do with it? I would sell it all to buy bread and clothing for my family."

"Your family! Ha, ha, ha! Sister Teresa's family! How many children have you, Sister Teresa?"

"Many more than I can count, and among them are many decrepit and bed-ridden folk, and still more hungry children. Do you see that garret window up there—that one with the paper pasted over its broken panes? I ought now to be there. In that garret, a new little

patriot came, only yesterday, into the world. He must find the world very cold, for he has no fire to warm him—very unkind, for his poor starved mother has no food to give him! Come, kind hearts! spare my weary limbs—open your purses, and help me to feed and clothe and warm my last baby. Yes! I see it in your faces that you are all going to be generous fellows to-night!"

"One touch of nature," says the poet, "makes the whole world kin." The Sister was irresistible. From all sides, coppers came dropping into the basket on her arm. One man begged the honour of escorting her through the crowd, and, as she passad along, a shout arose, of, "Long live the White Cornette! Hurrah for the White Cornette!"

One Christmas Eve, late in the day, the Sister entered a garret in a wretched street. By a few dying embers, a pallid girl of eleven sat, on the brick floor, with her two starveling baby-brothers in her lap. They were twins of a week old, whose mother had been buried that day. A lad of fourteen, far gone in decline, lay on a heap of straw, over which was thrown a sack; that was the only bedding. The old grandmother who lived with these children was almost helpless from palsy.

All that day, the poor White Cornette had met with nothing but rebuffs and threats. Her hands were empty, and her heart was full. Still, the very sight of her welcome presence cheered these poor people. The sick boy smiled, and held out a wasted hand, which she took, and stroked it pityingly, as she saw his wistful glance at her empty basket.

"You are hungry, my poor André!"

"That is nothing new, Sister; I am used to it."

"Those poor babies are not used to it yet," she answered, as every few moments they made a feeble wailing, that was piteous to hear; "and you look very tired, little Eulalie!"

"André and I could not sleep, Sister, the babies cried so much. Granny made them some *tisane* with bran and water, but it was not enough."

The Sister had knelt down by André. "Dear children." she said, rising, "all this day long I have begged in vain for my dear poor. Evening is come, but I must go and beg again, for you. While I am gone, pray to Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, this Christmas night, that I may not return to you with my basket empty."

When she was gone, Eulalie pulled out her rosary. "Let us say the Sorrowful Mysteries, in honour of the Holy Child at Bethlehem." When they had said them all, a thought occurred to Eulalie, suitable to the occasion.

"Let us make a *Sixth* Sorrowful Mystery, brother; the Hunger and Thirst of Jesus when He was a little boy."

When the weary Sister left the miserable room, not knowing whither next to direct her steps in search of food, she paused, in her perplexity, at the staircase window. It was broken, but she thought not of the piercing wind which blew upon her from the north, across the Seine. She was at the very top of one of the many-storied Paris house, and, as she looked out upon the great city, her eye caught sight of a lofty and splendid mansion, which stood near; every window blazing with light.

She started. She had every reason to recognize that lordly house; for it had been her early home, and, had she remained in the world, it would have been hers.

It was now appropriated by a rich member of the revolutionary party, who owed his education and the foundation of his fortune to the illustrious family of De Montmorency.* This man was now one of the most

* Anne de Montmorency, Peer, Marshal, and Constable of France, was one of the greatest generals of the sixteenth Century. Henri II., Duke de Montmorency, who, at the age of eighteen was created Admiral of France, was equally distinguished for his splendid bravery, and for his virtues.

ferocious members of the political party called *the Mountains.**

Small hope of charity from such a man; still Sister Teresa, whom compassion had now rendered desperate, was resolved to try the impossible, on behalf of her starving children.

On her way to this princely dwelling, which was in the Rue de Grenelle Saint Germain, she had to cross a small open space called the *Croix Rouge*. At the corner of the Rue de Sèvres, a tall man, muffled in a military cloak, seized her by the arm.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, "there is still a white Cornette in Paris! For Heaven's sake, take this boy! His parents, were guillotined to-day; the nurse went mad with terror, and jumped into the Seine: his name, Albéric. Write a year hence, to the address sewn in his clothes. I knew not where on earth to leave him. God sent you this way!" and before the Sister had time to speak, he had disappeared in the darkness, leaving the child, a fine boy of about eight months old, in her motherly arms,

"Poor darling angel!" she said, tenderly caressing him, as soon as she had recovered from her surprise, "I take you as a Christmas present from Bethlehem. If Sister Teresa is to work miracles, the Holy Child Himself must teach her how! meantime, we must beg all the harder, now there is this rosebud of a mouth to feed, as well as all the rest."

The little fellow nestled to her, and seemed perfectly content. She walked on rapidly through the slushy snow, passed through the courtyard of the house she sought, and entered the hall, to the amazement of the menservants standing about there. For a Religious to show her face, and especially her habit, in that house,

* In 1703 the name of "the Mountain" was given to the highest part of the amphitheatre where the national Assembly held its sittings. The most violent members had their seats upon these topmost benches of the building.

seemed to them simply seeking a death-warrant. "Be so good as to announce Sister Teresa to your master," said this daring White Cornette.

Her calm but commanding air ensured respect. She was conducted through several large reception-rooms to the private apartments of Citizen Delarue. In an ante-chamber, where several newly-fledged functionaries were talking and gesticulating, a sudden silence fell for a moment upon every noisy tongue, as the Sister and the babe passed through. Entering an inner room, the valet announced Sister Teresa and disappeared.

Delarue looked up astonished from the roll of papers he was studying, and reddened with anger at the sight of a white cornette.

"Who are you, *citoyenne?* What brings you here, and in a garb which you must know is proscribed?"

"I am a friend of the people, come to beg an alms for my masters. As for my garb, I have no money to buy another, even if I consented to change it, which I would not."

"Audacious woman! Do you know to whom you are speaking."

"To my equal. The Republic says, rightly or wrongly, that we are all equal before man: the Church, that we are all equal in the sight of God."

"No superstition, I warn you! The sovereign people has suppressed all that. Who are the masters you speak of?"

"The poor, whose servant I am."

"And what do you expect to find here for your poor?"

"A kind heart to feel for them, and a generous hand to help them. Within a stone's throw of this house are two poor babes of a week old, without fire, or food or bedding, or any clothes but rags. Your horses are better housed and fed than they and theirs. Come, open your charitable heart, and send them a blessing this Christmas night. It will win a blessing on your house. What is a handful of gold to such as you?"

"As for Christmas night—what's that? Merely one of the superstitions which the Republic has suppressed! And that child in your arms! You are not going to tell me that *he* is a starveling! If he's not a young aristocrat, I never set eyes on one. I know them at a glance."

"Monsieur le Citoyen," said Sister Teresa, "this poor babe, whatever he had once, has no longer, father, mother, home, or even name. He is the adopted of the White Cornette. I have now to beg for him, as I beg for my starving people in the garrets and cellars. As for Christmas, if you have suppressed it, so much the worse for the poor, above all for the children, whose special feast it is. Have you forgotten Christmas at a certain old château in Le Berri, where your father once was?"

"Silence, citoyenne! Châteaux are suppressed, as well as their owners. If you are not prudent, your white cornette will get its wings clipped pretty closely, and you will find yourself suppressed too! But, this once, I let you off; and, moreover, to show the magnanimity of a true citizen, I don't mind giving you a gold piece for your starving marmots in the attic. On condition, however, that you make them shout, 'Long live the Republic, one and indivisible!'"

"When they are old enough," the Sister answered, smiling. "We must wait for that till they can speak."

"Well, yes, I suppose so," said the terrible 'Conventional,' himself surprised into a smile. "But what about that château in Le Berri? Who are you, citoyenne?"

"Sister Teresa—nothing more."

"Nonsense! That is no name at all: a mere nickname. Where have I seen your face? Who were you before you put on that silly dress?"

"I am Louise de Montmorency. You were a boy of ten, when I quitted that château to become a Sister of Charity."

For some moments Citizen Delarue was dumb. The sudden conflict between his old and his new notions,

the memory, too, of certain very awkward details, which could alone explain his present ownership, produced a confusion in his brain which paralyzed speech.

At this juncture, a small side-door opened, and Delarue's wife entered the room. At the same moment he was inspired with an idea.

"Madame," he gasped, addressing Sister Teresa, "I am overwhelmed with the honour of your visit—still—you understand—I dare not compromise myself in these perilous days—it might involve too much!" And here he drew his finger suggestively across his throat. "Having a pressing appointment at this hour, I beg to take leave. My wife can better converse with you without suspicion, if I may request that the subject of your conversation shall be restricted to the citizens about whom you are so anxious."

He hastily gathered up his papers, and, bowing profoundly, from instinct rather than habit, left the two women together.

The next moment his voice was heard among the loudest of a group of blustering revolutionists in an adjoining apartment, which it pleased him to call his council-chamber, where the importance of the meetings seemed to be measured by their noise.

Madame Delarue was a good Catholic at heart, but, outwardly, somewhat cold; in her misery at all the deeds of horror then enacting in Paris, and in all the provinces of France where the Revolution held sway, she hid her real feelings behind a stern, forbidding manner. The sight of an infant always softened her. She took the little Albéric in her arms, and fondled him tenderly, as she listened to his sad story. She had lost her own only boy; and now her heart ached for this innocent babe, orphaned by the pitiless guillotine.

For his sake, she gave the sister a munificent alms, besides enjoining her to come at stated times, when possible, for provisions for her poor.

When, with the child asleep on one arm, and a well-

filled basket on the other, Sister Teresa mounted once more towards the attic, Eulalie, who was listening for her footstep, flew down to aid her with her burden.

"André and I have been praying, Sister, ever since you were gone. You were right when you said that the Sacred Heart of the Infant Jesus would hear us! And now—— Oh! what a lovely child you have in your arms! Dear Sister, is it the sweet Jesus come to us Himself?"

Never was feast more thankfully enjoyed than was the Christmas supper in that poor garret. The alms of that night gladdened also many another destitute abode, in honour of Him Who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich.

Not many years ago, Albéric, Marquis de Kervilian Ergué-Armel, after a well-spent life, peacefully died in his native Brittany, after his Communion one Christmas Day.

THE SACRIFICES OF MASSES.

When our High Church friends, in their defence of the new Continuity Theory, try to prove that the Established Church is identical with the pre-Reformation Church, as regards all essential doctrines, and their attention is drawn to the Thirty-nine Articles, and to what is said in Article xxxi. about the "Sacrifices of Masses" being "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits," they will tell us that the Sacrifice of the Mass is not there condemned but the "Sacrifices of Masses." They will tell us that when the Reformers said, in Article xxxi., that "the Sacrifices of Masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits," they were not condemning the Holy Eucharist in its propitiatory character, *i.e.*, the Sacrifice of the Mass, but some unauthorized, erroneous opinion which was held in those days with regard to the Holy Eucharist. For instance the Bishop of Salisbury, in his recent reply to the four Dutch Pastors,* refers to an opinion which he assigns to Albertus Magnus, viz.: "that the Sacrifice of the Cross was offered for original sin and for sins before baptism, but the Sacrifice of the Mass for sins after baptism." And the Bishop thinks that this opinion, which, he says, was held in the sixteenth century, caused those who adopted it to regard the Sacrifice of the Mass in such a sense "as almost to evacuate the Sacrifice of the Cross of its virtue;" and that hence arose "Many corruptions, among which the multiplication of private Masses in chantries and elsewhere was at that time in particular to be numbered;" and that when the Reformers speak, in the Article, of the Sacrifices of Masses

* *De Validitate Ordinum Anglicanorum, Responsio ad Batavos.*

in the plural number they are alluding to this multiplication of Masses.

In the first place, I would remark that I think that an undue importance has been attached to the words "Sacrifices of Masses;" for there seems to be no doctrinal difference between the expression "Sacrifices of Masses" and the expression "Sacrifice of the Mass." In the decree of a Council—the Council of Florence, which was held in 1430, and at which a large number of Bishops of the Latin and Greek Rite were present—we find this very expression, and it was evidently intended to bear the same meaning as the now generally used expression, Sacrifice of the Mass, does. The following are the words of the decree: "that if those truly penitent shall have died in charity with God, before they have made satisfaction for their sins of commission and omission by fruits worthy of penance, their souls after death shall be cleansed by the pains of purgatory; and that to deliver them from pains of this kind the suffrages (suffragia) of the faithful who are alive is profitable: that is to say, *sacrifices of Masses* (missarum sacrificia), prayers and alms, and other works of piety which by the faithful are accustomed to be done for other faithful in accordance with the decree of the Church."*

I would also remark that, if the Reformers had not intended to condemn the sacrifice of the Mass, but only some erroneous opinion which the people of the sixteenth century may have adopted, through the teaching of the celebrated Dominican, Albertus Magnus, having been misunderstood,—they would not, one might have supposed, have so worded the Article as to lead Anglicans for three centuries to believe that the sacrifice of the Mass itself was condemned, but would have explicitly stated what the error was.

If, as is said, the object of the Reformers was merely to free the sacrifice of the Mass from some error, some abuse, and not to do away with the sacrifice of the Mass altogether, why did the two chief Reformers,

* Binius, tom. iv. p. 475.

Cranmer and Ridley, whose teaching is diffused through all the Anglican formularies, write as they did? Why was the old word "Mass" dropped, and the "Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion" put in its place in the Reformed Prayer Book? Why were all expressions that denoted a propitiatory sacrifice carefully avoided in the new service? Why were altars, eucharistic vestments, &c., swept clean away?

In the excellent articles which have lately appeared in *The Tablet*, on Anglican orders, we find the following quotations from the works of Cranmer and Ridley. Cranmer says: "The greatest blasphemy and injury that can be against Christ, and yet universally used throughout the popish kingdom is this, that the priests make their Mass a sacrifice propitiatory, to remit the sins as well as of themselves, and to whom they list to apply the same."* The Bishop of Salisbury in the letter from which I have already quoted says: "Certainly this Article" (Article xxxi.) "regards, in the latter part at any rate, some vulgar error, not the definition of some Church." Whereas, what Cranmer here condemns is not some vulgar error, but the Mass as "a sacrifice propitiatory," which was "universally used throughout the Popish kingdom"! and we may, I think, conclude that it is that which also is condemned in the Article. Again, Cranmer says: "And as for the saying or singing of the Mass by the priest, as it was in times past used, it is neither a sacrifice propitiatory nor yet a sacrifice of laud or thanksgiving, nor in any wise allowed before God, but abominable and detestable." † And Ridley says: "'By His own person he hath purged our sins.' These words, 'by His own person,' have an emphasis and vehemence which driveth away all sacrificing priests from such office as sacrificing, seeing that which He hath done by Himself He hath not left to be perfected by others." ‡

And if we study the "Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion" in the Prayer

* *The Lord's Supper*, bk. v. p. 345.
† *The Lord's Supper*, bk. v. p. 352. ‡ Ridley, Works, 107.

Book, and consider the nature of the changes which the Reformers made in the Churches, we shall plainly see what was the mind of the Reformers with regard to this subject.

As the late Bishop of Bath and Wells truly says in his last charge: "When we turn to the 'Order for the Administration of the Lord's Supper, or Holy Communion' in the Book of Common Prayer we may search it through and through, but we shall not find in it a single word expressive of the idea of the offering of a propitiatory sacrifice."*

In the Missals which were in use in this country before the Reformation, *viz.*, the Sarum, York, and Hereford Missals, "the idea of the offering of a propitiatory sacrifice" is not only to be found when sought for, but is the leading idea. In the Sarum and York Missals we find the following words: "Receive, O holy Trinity, this offering which I [a miserable and, *York*] an unworthy sinner offer in Thy honour and that of the blessed Mary, and all Thy saints, for my sins and offences: for the salvation of the living and the rest of [all, *Sarum*] the faithful departed." And in the Sarum, York, and Hereford Missals: "Wherefore, O Lord, we Thy servants, as also Thy holy people, calling to mind the blessed passion of the same Christ Thy Son our Lord, His Resurrection from the dead, and glorious Ascension into heaven, offer unto Thy most excellent majesty, of Thy gifts and grants, a pure Host, a holy Host, an immaculate Host, the holy bread of eternal life, and the chalice of everlasting salvation. Upon which vouchsafe to look, with a propitious and serene countenance, and to accept them, as Thou wast graciously pleased to accept the gifts of Thy just servant Abel, and the sacrifice of our Patriarch Abraham, and that which Thy high priest Melchisedech offered to Thee, a holy sacrifice, an immaculate Host." And: "We most humbly beseech Thee, Almighty God, command these things to be carried by the hands of

* *A charge delivered in April* 1894, *by Arthur Charles, Bishop of Bath and Wells.* p. 22.

Thy holy angel to Thy Altar on high, in the sight of Thy Divine Majesty." Here indeed is the propitiatory sacrifice, but where is it to be found in the Anglican service?

And now let us consider the nature of the changes which the Reformers made in the churches in the reigns of Edward VI., and Elizabeth.

With reference to the Reformation in the reign of Edward the VI., Mr. Green in his *Short History of the English People* says: "Cranmer and his colleagues advanced yet more boldly in the career of innovation. . . A crowning defiance was given to the doctrine of the Mass by an order to demolish the stone altars, and replace them by wooden tables, which were stationed for the most part in the middle of the church," p. 351. And Father Gasquet, in his *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, gives us a quotation which shows what Cranmer did in the diocese of Norwich in 1550: "Knowing," says Thirlby, the new Bishop, "that the most part of all altars within this my diocese be already taken down by commandment of my lord of Canterbury's grace's visitors in his late visitation, this diocese then being void." * We also learn from another quotation that Ridley, Bishop of London, acted in a similar way in his diocese. "This month of June (1550) in Whitsun week," writes Wriothesly, "all the altars in every parish church throughout London were taken away and a table made in the choir for the reception of the Communion." † Those words: "for the reception of the Communion," are very significant. Altars for the offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass were removed, and tables for the reception of the Communion took their place.

And Father Bridgett in his *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain* (vol. ii. p. 120) gives us the following injunction, issued by Grindal, Archbishop of York (afterwards of Canterbury) in 1571; when the work, begun in Edward VI's reign and stopped by the

* *Norfolk Archæology* vii. p. 73.
† *Chronicle*, Camd. Soc. 11. p. 41.

restoration of the old religion in Mary's, was being completed: "That the churchwardens shall see that in their churches and chapels all altars be utterly taken down, and clear removed even unto the foundation, and the place where they stood paved, and the wall whereunto they joined whited over, and made uniform with the rest, so as no breach or rupture do appear. And that the altar stones be broken, defaced, and bestowed to some common use."* And Father Bridgett adds: "Wherever churchwardens' accounts exist we find entries similar to this of Burnham in Buckinghamshire: 'Payd to tylars for brecking down forten (14) awters in the cherche." †

The Eucharistic vestments too, which were distinctive, and used only for Mass, were also removed from the churches. In 1552, soon after the introduction of Edward VI's. second Prayer Book, an inventory of church goods was taken by a Royal Commission. These inventories are instructive, for we may learn from them what things were found in the churches by the Commissioners, and what were left behind. The Rev. S. W. Hutchinson, in his *Archdeaconry of Stoke-on-Trent*, gives us the inventories of nearly seventy churches in that Archdeaconry. Let us take one of these as a specimen, viz: Audley.

"Fyrst, iiij vestments, on of redd saten bruges, thother of blewe taffeta, thother of wolsted, and thother of rede silke. Itm, iiij albes, on cope of saten bruges and on of peculd silke. Itm, v. alterclothes, ij towelles, and a sensor of brasse. Itm, ij chalases of silver with patents, and iiij belles in the stepull."

These things the Royal Commissioners found in the church. Now let us see what they left behind them, viz: "On chales of silver with a patent, iiij belles in the stepull, ij lynen clothes for the Holli Communion Table, and a surples for the curat to ministre with." From these two inventories we learn that the vestments, the albs, the cope, the altar cloths, towels and the censer —things that might remind men of the sacrifice of the

* *Grindal's Remains*, Parker Society, p. 123.

† *Collectanea Topog.* iv. p. 292.

Mass—were taken away, and only the chalice and paten, two linen cloths for the Holy Communion table and a surplice, things that are quite in accord with the Protestant Communion service, were left behind. And so it is with all the churches in that archdeaconry; in every case the same kind of things are taken, and the same are left.

Bishop Hooper, preaching in Lent 1550 before the King and Council, exhorted them to go forward in the glorious work they had undertaken. "As ye have taken away the Mass from the people" he said, "so take from them her feathers also, the altars, vestments and such like as apparelled her."* And we have seen how thoroughly his advice was put into practice.

But what seems to me to show more clearly than anything else the intention of the Reformers is the effect which the changes made by them with regard to this doctrine had on the Reformed Church, as seen in the state of religious belief and feeling amongst Anglicans from the reign of Elizabeth to the present day. For some time, no doubt, the old belief lingered on to a certain extent among the people, and in the reign of Charles I., an attempt was made by some of the bishops and their clergy to restore altars, and revive the old idea of the priesthood; but the new teaching was soon after the Reformation pretty generally accepted in the Established Church, and the attempt of Archbishop Laud and his party was strongly resisted, and very short lived. Indeed, it requires but a slight acquaintance with the ecclesiastical history of England to be convinced of the change of belief and feeling about this doctrine, which followed the change that Cranmer and his followers made. When the old English missals, from which I have quoted, were in use; when communion tables had not taken the place of altars, and the Mass had its distinctive vestments; the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was the principal act of worship and devotion, and, if not always offered daily, would never be omitted on Sundays and festivals, and, as a matter of course, was the

* *Edward VI., and the Book of Common Prayer*, p. 276.

most frequented of the Church's services. In those days too, the Holy Eucharist was regarded as an offering for the living and the dead, an offering to obtain gifts and graces for the living, and rest for the departed. The teaching of the pre-Reformation Church on this point was manifested in the universal belief and practices of the people of those days ; but where was the effect of any such teaching of their Church to be found in the belief or practices of Anglicans, from the time of the establishment of the Anglican Church to the beginning of the Oxford movement, except, it may be, during that short period in the reign of Charles I., and that among a select few ?

There may be some excuse for the High Churchmen of the present generation, who, having grown up amid "High" teaching and "High" ritual, persuade themselves that they belong to the same Church as their distant ancestors, and believe that their Church teaches that their clergy are sacrificing priests, and offer the propitiatory sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist for the living and the dead ; but such a delusion is inexcusable in those who can look back sixty, or fifty, or forty years, and call to mind the Anglican churches, services, teaching and belief, as they were then. Where, I would ask those who can look back so far, was any trace of this propitiatory sacrifice to be found ? Not in the chancels of the churches ; for there you would see, where an altar once stood, an old fashioned table, sometimes a very mean one, with a moth eaten shabby cloth on it, and sometimes hidden from the view of the congregation by a huge erection, combining the clerk's desk, reading desk and pulpit. Not in the service named, "the Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper ;" nor in the way in which that service was performed. Not in the position that service occupied among the other services ; for it was only celebrated once a month, or three or four times a year, and when it was celebrated, almost all the congregation who were present at the Morning Prayer and Litany had left the church. Not in the teaching of the clergy ; for who can remember any such doctrine being taught,

or even hinted at, by the preachers of those days? Not in the belief of the people; for who can remember any customs or words of those among whom they lived which would lead them to suppose that their friends or neighbours believed, that the Holy Eucharist was a propitiatory offering which would benefit themselves and others, living or departed? As the Tractarian movement had then begun, I ought to add that one here and another there might possibly have been found who believed this doctrine, and perhaps, if a clergyman, cautiously taught it; but I am speaking of Anglicans generally.

Now I think that from the Anglicanism of those days we may form a pretty correct idea of what it had been during the two previous centuries, and I would ask whether it could have been possible for a Church, which had so long allowed its people to live in ignorance of this important doctrine, and never had urged them to avail themselves of its efficacious benefits, to have taught by its formularies that the Holy Eucharist is an offering, made to God for the living and the dead?

The Reformers, being able theologians, very well knew what they were about, and the result of the changes they were making could not have been unforeseen and unintended. From the facts which I have adduced they evidently intended to make the Holy Eucharist merely a commemoration of a sacrifice and a sacrament, and not a propitiatory sacrifice, as it had been, and the History of the Established Church shows how thoroughly they succeeded.

But it may be said that in consequence of the Tractarian and Ritualistic movements the Anglican Church has become more Catholic in this respect, and that what had been ignored for more than two centuries, is now accepted by many. Certainly a change has taken place among Anglicans, and this doctrine is now being openly held and taught, but is it not as the opinion of individuals, unchecked by authority, and not the teaching of their Church? Is it not confined to a party that has recently come into existence, and is it not a

striking contrast to what was held by their fathers and grandfathers? Certainly the belief in this doctrine has revived in our day, but, notwithstanding the zeal and earnestness of its advocates, how slow has been its progress, and how few, comparatively speaking, of the Anglican clergy and laity accept it, even after fifty or sixty years of High Church teaching. A large majority of Anglican Bishops, presbyters, and laity are still to be found, who would say that this doctrine was repudiated at the Reformation, and had never been held, and ought not to be, by Anglicans, loyal to their Church.

Hear what an Anglican Bishop of the present day has to say about the sacerdotal characters of the Anglican clergy. The Bishop of Sodor and Man in his Presidential address at the Manx Diocesan Synod, commenting on the remark made by Cardinal Vaughan that the sacrificial or sacerdotal character of the Christian ministry was deliberately abandoned by the Established Church in her revised Ordinal, at the time of the Reformation, is reported to have said: "Now in respect of the Cardinal's premiss, I am entirely at one with him. He has said, and said truly, that for over three hundred years the Church of England has rejected the notion that the second order of the Christian ministry is to be regarded as an order of sacrificing priests, and has deliberately ceased to ordain them as such. You have only to place the old Ordinals side by side with our present one, and no man can possibly come to any other conclusion. Thus, according to the Ordinal in use before the Reformation, the second order of the ministry were ordained with these words: 'Take thou power to offer sacrifice to God, and to celebrate Masses for the living and the dead, in the name of the Lord.' In plain English, they were ordained to be sacrificing priests. That was the chief thought which connected itself with their ordination. And all the ritual which followed, and properly symbolized that system, went to emphasize this thought. The ordaining Bishop then and there delivered to each of the clergy so ordained a paten and a chalice with unconsecrated bread and wine, which, when ordained,

as co-celebrants with the Bishops, they at once proceeded to consecrate. And all the vestments, ceremonies, rites, and postures prescribed by the service books of that time were designed to show that they were sacrificing priests, offering a propitiatory sacrifice, that what they offered was changed in its natural substance, and that adoration, in its changed condition was its proper due. But let us be careful to note that these words of ordination were deliberately changed during the course of the Reformation, and further changed a little later on. Thus, in the Ordinal set forth in February, 1550, the words with respect to sacrifices and masses were clean swept out; and though the bishop was still directed to give the paten and the chalice into one hand of the person ordained, he was directed also to give the Bible into the other, and to ordain him with these altered words, 'Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God and His holy sacraments.' But this was only a transition step, for in 1552 the delivery of the paten and the chalice was wholly discontinued, and the bishop was directed, as by our present Ordinal, to place the Bible only in the hands of the presbyter newly ordained. For my part, then, I entirely concur with the Cardinal in his premiss, and I agree with him still further when he says that, even in its most advanced theologians, our Church has never, till quite recent times (I suppose he means the last half century), shown any desire to return to what it utterly put aside."*

And the Bishop of Bath and Wells, in the charge from which I have already quoted, after explaining that the word priest merely means elder or presbyter, goes on to say: "If we want to know what really is the mind of the Church of England with regard to her priests, we must carefully study the office in our Prayer Book for 'the Ordering of Priests.' You will there see how high is the dignity, and how weighty is the

**The Rock*, November 2, 1894.

office of a priest, in the eyes of the Church; you will see what devotion to their work, what holy zeal, what concentration of purpose, what diligent labour in preaching the word, and ministering the sacraments of Christ, the Church expects to find in her priests; and how great she accounts the guilt of the careless messenger, the sleepy watchman, and the unfaithful steward, to be; but you will not see the faintest indication that she calls them to any sacerdotal function, when she bids them 'receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a priest in the Church of God.'"

Here we have the recent opinion of two Anglican Bishops, and I think I may say that they express the belief of a large majority of the clergy, and a still larger majority of the laity of the Anglican Church. And if so, the "Catholic revival" does not much lessen the force of my argument as regards the belief of Anglicans from the Reformation to the present day.

Now, if our High Church friends could only be induced to regard this matter in the same light as so many of their co-religonists have done in the past, and now do, and as all who study it impartially must do, if they could only realize the fact that it is they, as a party, who hold and teach the doctrine we are speaking of, and not their Church, they must with their views of the nature of the Church which Christ founded, feel that the Anglican Church is no Church for them. Believing, as they do, that the Holy Eucharist is not only a sacrament, but also a propitiatory sacrifice, which is offered for the living and the dead, and knowing that the Catholic Church and the Greek Church—which they consider to be true Churches, and to which such an overwhelming proportion of the Christians of the world belong—give this sacrifice such a pre-eminent place in their religious belief and practices, they could not go on holding their branch theory, and putting their Church on an equality with those Churches. With their knowledge of the pre-Reformation Church they could not go on believing in their continuity theory. And with their belief in this doctrine they could not be satisfied with their

"Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper," or, I may add, with their authorized Catechism for the instruction of their children, and of which it may as truly be said, as of their "Communion Service," that of propitiatory sacrifice, there is not one word in it. By the way, it might perhaps be well here, to give the teaching on this subject in the authorized catechism in use among English Catholics—*A Catechism of Christian Doctrine.* In this catechism we find the following questions and answers.

"Is the Blessed Eucharist a Sacrament only?

"The Blessed Eucharist is not a Sacrament only, it is also a Sacrifice.

"What is a Sacrifice?

"A Sacrifice is the offering of a victim by a priest to God alone, in testimony of His being the Sovereign Lord of all things.

"What is the Sacrifice of the New Law?

"The Sacrifice of the New Law is the Holy Mass.

"What is the Holy Mass?

"The Holy Mass is the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, really present on the altar under the appearances of bread and wine, and offered to God for the living and the dead."

And so on. Not a trace of anything of this kind is to be found in the Anglican Catechism.

Of course, we Catholics who are praying for the conversion of England, and are longing for the return of our separated brethren to the true fold, are delighted to see some of them, weary of Protestant negation and desiring to possess what appeals to their Catholic instincts, gradually embracing one Catholic doctrine after another, and this among others, though at the same time we cannot understand how they can go on staying where they are—their Church, as it appears to us, teaching one thing, and they something quite contrary or something it has not authorized them to teach. Is it because they think, that if they wait on patiently, the Anglican Church as a body will, in time, accept the Catholic doctrines they have accepted, and will be in a position to make terms with the Catholic Church,

and, on the give and take principle, effect that Corporate Reunion they dream of? During the last sixty years their party has no doubt made great progress, but they are still only a minority, and, if one looks beneath the surface, one will find that many of the laity, apparently belonging to that party, do so, not because they accept the doctrines their clergy teach, but because they admire their goodness, and earnestness, and are attracted by the bright and hearty services which they provide for them. Even at the present rate of progress this kind of corporate reunion seems very distant, and it is by no means certain that this progress will continue at its present rate, or continue at all. At any time there may be another religious movement in the Anglican Church, the new "Higher-Criticism" party, for instance, though now but small and confined to the educated classes, may become popular. With no generally recognized authority to control those given to change, a new movement is always possible.

It would not, I think, be amiss, if those Anglicans who are waiting for corporate reunion would ponder over the following words of an advanced High Churchman, Dr. Randall, Dean of Chichester. In writing to the Chairman of an English Church Union meeting, held at Bristol, he says: "I am not hopeful of the possibility of any union between the Church of England and the Churches under the Roman obedience. . . . . The only hope of sound and healthy reunion lies in receiving the faith as it was received by the Church from the beginning, free from all the additions that have been allowed to grow up around it. It is for this that the Church of England has made her stand. Until the Roman See renounces its unjust and unfounded claim of supremacy over the whole Church, and sets itself in earnest to return to the purity of Apostolic teaching, reunion is impossible." * These words of a leader of the advanced High Church party are not very encouraging for reunionists, but they express the opinion of all who can view this reunion movement dispassionately. The

* *The Guardian*, February 27, 1895.

Dean is clear-sighted enough to see, that, with his own party unwilling to accept all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and the majority of his co-religionists yet to be educated up to the level of their standard, the possibility of reunion is not hopeful.

Dear reader, if you belong to what is called the Catholic party in the Anglican Church, and are dissatisfied with your present position and earnestly desiring corporate reunion, I would ask you to consider whether you are wise, believing, as you do, so many Catholic doctrines and with your views as regards the nature of the Church, in thus waiting for what may never come. You may think that concessions might be made to a large religious body, and there are certain doctrines which you are not quite prepared to accept. As regards discipline, concessions have been made by the Catholic Church, and could be made again, but, as regards defined doctrines, no concessions, you may rest assured, could possibly to be made. Anglicans need reminding of this, for, accustomed as they are to ever varying religious views, they are apt to forget that a church which could give up a single doctrine to conciliate any number of men, or nations, could not be the Church which Christ founded, because His Church must of necessity be infallible, and therefore unchangeable in doctrine. So that the obtaining of concessions of this kind is not only not hopeful, but hopeless. And then too, you have to take into consideration the unprepared state of your co-religionists. If you could only see things as they really are among you, you would, I think, be convinced that their conversion, as a body, to your belief, and desire for reunion is far from hopeful. Besides, whilst you are waiting, you have to use a Prayer Book which you must allow does not plainly teach the doctrines which you hold, and which, as others think, plainly condemns them. You have "Articles of Religion" which are binding on your clergy and which you would gladly be rid of. You have a Catechism for the instruction of your children which must seem to you, who believe that the Holy Eucharist is a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead, very

defective. In defence of your belief you have to interpret the wording of your formularies in a way that was unknown until recently, as if you had got your doctrines, not from your own Church, but from some other source. You have at times to listen to bishops and clergy who denounce your most cherished doctrines. You have, it may be, to worship side by side in your churches with those, whose religious belief on many points is diametrically opposed to your own. You have to feel that you are, as regards your Church, separated by some three centuries from much of the belief and many of the customs of your Catholic ancestors. Why go on enduring all this, and hoping against hope? Why continue thus unsettled and unsatisfied? Why not earnestly and prayerfully seek for that reunion which alone is possible? Within the last few years many Anglicans, who have passed through what you are now passing through, who, like you, have deplored the evils resulting from schism, who have longed for unity with all its blessings, have found their way, one by one, into God's true Church to the satisfying of their souls, and why should not you follow their example?

H.M.

Ven. Edward Oldcorne, S.J.*

By the Rev. John G. MacLeod, S.J.

The history of the ministry, capture, and death of Father Oldcorne, presents to us a striking instance of a martyrdom from which the plea of political necessity was wholly absent, to give it the slightest colour of justification. So far from being a schemer or plotter in any sense, or one who went up and down the country disseminating views of any sort, Father Oldcorne was ever a plain and simple missioner, his labours being carried on for many years in one locality, very retired and removed from all disturbing influences. Every attempt to bring home to him complicity with what is called the Gunpowder Plot signally failed, and the few points on which he was examined gave only fresh evidence to his entire ignorance of the real nature or extent of the treasonable designs supposed to be hatching, until he learnt the fact from the general report that was spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. When pressed to give his opinion as to what he himself thought of the designs of the con-

* For the details of this article we are indebted to Brother Foley's *Records*, largely compiled by him from Father Henry More's *History of the English Province S.J.*, from the writings of Father Matthias Tanner, and from the still more copious narrative of Father Bartoli. Much information also regarding Father Oldcorne may be gathered from Father Gerard's *Life* and his *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, as published by Father Morris in his *Condition of Catholics under James I.*

spiracy, his answer that he could truly say nothing concerning it, but must remit the whole affair to God and the consciences of the conspirators, as he knew nothing of the reasons or motives by which its designers had been moved to undertake it, left his judges the only option of sending him to Worcester for further trial. As nothing could even then be proved in evidence that he had sinned either against the law or the king, he was most illegally and unjustly condemned to death simply for being a priest and a Jesuit, well known to have gained many souls to the Catholic faith.

Father Edward Oldcorne was for many years connected with the Worcestershire district, and thus belonged to the Residence of St. George, a title which embraced also the county of Warwick. The following brief record of the state of the College at this period will fittingly introduce our sketch of Father Oldcorne's own life and martyrdom.

"St. George" was one of the original residences founded by Father Richard Blount, the first Superior of the English Province of the Society of Jesus. It dates from about the year 1633, and amongst the several missions which it comprised were Cooksey, Evesham, Grafton Manor, Hanley Castle, Henlip Castle, Kidderminster, Redditch, Spetchley Park, Weston, and Worcester. Of these and others the principal centres apparently were Worcester, Grafton Manor, and Henlip. In this residence, as also throughout the Province, the loss of valuable documents, either discovered and carried off or else purposely destroyed through precaution, unfortunately deprives us of the chief sources of information. The average annual number of Fathers resident in the district until the year 1677 seems to have been about eight; the lowest, six. Amongst these the most celebrated missioners were Fathers Robert Persons, Henry Garnet, John Gerard, and Edward Oldcorne, whose labours commenced before England was erected into a Province of the Society, in 1623.

The Catholics of St. George's Residence, and especially of Worcester and its neighbourhood, had

their share in the cruel persecutions of those times. The laity and clergy assembled at the houses of the Catholic nobility and gentry, which contained what may be called "domestic churches," none other being allowed. There they worshipped in private with as little show as possible, and because many noble Catholic families resided in the county of Worcester, it happened that the faithful frequently resorted to it. Among these from the commencement were the families of Abington of Henlip, Winter of Huddington, Lyttleton of Hazley, Shelley, Catesby, Rochs, Lovelace and Stamford; and a little later on, Berkeley of Spetchley and Worcester, Hornyold of Blackmore Park, Berington, Baynham of Pursall, Williams of Malvern, besides others, may be added to their names.

An Ancient Editor's Note-Book, (Oscott College MSS.) narrates how at Worcester, in 1588, "two old priests and two laymen had been for two years past often brought to the bar at the assize time, and being once asked by Marwood, the Judge, why they would not come to church, one answered stoutly, 'Because we know God's service is not there.' 'Whose service, then?' said the Judge. 'Look ye to that,' quoth the priest. Whereupon he commanded bolts to be laid upon them, and all that day to keep them fast in the stocks." In the same year William Brestock had his house violently assaulted by pursuivants, and his wife stricken down to the ground; and when he went to her assistance he was himself seized and pinioned, and so carried off to Worcester gaol, on Good Friday. After he and Mr. William Heath, nephew to the Archbishop of York, had endured much in prison for three or four years, they both died in confinement.

During the year 1635, in the missions of Worcestershire, the fruits of the labours of the Fathers were again more plentiful, and the converts to the Faith more numerous. A school was opened at Mr. Levison's residence, about two miles from Wolverhampton, which probably drew together scholars from some distance; and information of this proceeding having been con-

veyed to the Council, a pursuivant was sent armed with a warrant to have it searched. No timely notice having been received, the school was broken up, though the work of educating was carried on in another locality two years afterwards. Harvington Hall, near Kidderminster, deserves especial mention here as having been a fine old brick mansion, with tall chimneys which arrested the eye, and with curious hiding-places formed within its interior construction which carefully shunned observation, one of these being skilfully contrived under the staircase, a portion of which when lifted up like a trap-door revealed the secret chamber and old pallet beneath. In the times we treat of this was the seat of the Pakington family, being in possession of Humphrey, or his father, John Pakington, both rigid Protestants. Lady Mary Yate, daughter of the former, became a Catholic about the time of her marriage, and came into possession of the Hall, August 6, 1631.

In 1639 the Catholics throughout Worcestershire enjoyed a more favourable opportunity of hearing Mass and frequenting the sacraments than perhaps anywhere else in England. Hence, later on, we are told that very few persons had abandoned the Faith, while an unusual number of Protestants were reconciled to the Church. The search for priests and Jesuits was still very strictly maintained, as witnessed by the interesting report of a Parliamentary pursuivant describing his search of Little Malvern Court. This seat of the Russells, and now of the Berington family, was a favourite city of refuge for persecuted priests. The position of one or two "hiding-holes" in the roof is even now pointed out, and they were probably the ingenious contrivance of the Martyr, Brother Nicholas Owen, who was well acquainted with these parts. About the same period two Catholic schoolmasters opened public schools, at which several Protestant children attended, while some Catholic women kept similar schools for girls, and though the faithful were treated with wonderful leniency in this county, both

Catholics and Protestants marvelled at their boldness. The zealous missioner to whom these exertions were greatly owing was Father Brooks, who is said to have resided at Grafton Manor, near Bromsgrove, in 1639, and to have died at Worcester some years after. This mission of Grafton appears to have received into affiliation other smaller and less ancient missions, such as Badgecote, the property of the Wintour family, near Bromsgrove; Cooksey, that of Dame Helen Wintour; and Pursall Hall, in the same neighbourhood. The old Manor was itself destroyed by fire in 1710. The parish of Hanley Castle, near Malvern, gave birth to a zealous priest in the person of Father Thomas Weedon. The English Province appears to have had an unbroken connection with this locality for upwards of two hundred and fifty years, until the retirement, a few years ago, of the late Rev. Henry Campbell from the active duties of the mission, on account of his advanced age.

The direction which we have followed leads us round the country naturally towards Henlip Castle, the scene of Father Oldcorne's labours and trials, and a few words will be now acceptable in description of an asylum which he knew so well, and which is so associated with his sufferings and adventures.

This castle, as the concealed headquarters for Worcester and the surrounding country, formed probably the most ancient of all the English missions, at least its history can be more satisfactorily traced through its individual missioners, and its memory is especially deserving of being held in veneration. The old mansion was built by John Abington, cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, according, as has been stated, to plans supplied by Little John (Brother Nicholas Owen), with a view to its serving as a hiding place for priests. It is situated about three miles from the city of Worcester, stands on an elevated position, and for size and design must have presented a striking object to the eye. The old building was remarkable for the number and security of the concealed spaces which it contained, and these are frequently

referred to and described in the history of the searches made by pursuivants, and especially of the capture of Father Garnet and Father Oldcorne, and of Brother Ralph Ashley. In form the castle was four-square, and was for the most part surrounded by a strong wall. It was divided into different domiciles, which opened into each other along corresponding galleries, so that several times the pursuivants entering alone to search the building and losing their way amongst its many winding corridors, became desperate. Being a Tudor house of considerable extent, its every room almost had a recess, a passage, a trap-door, or secret stairs; the walls were in many places hollow, the ceilings false, several chimneys had double flues, one for passage of the smoke, the second for concealment of a priest, no one except those immediately concerned having key or clue to the whole maze of secrets. But the most interesting portion connected with our history lay at the top of the mansion, and consisted of a gallery running round the whole interior, the walls of which were covered with beautiful carved wainscoting. Behind this the nooks for hiding in had their entrances so cleverly contrived as to appear to be merely a part of the ordinary wall.

Father Gerard, in his narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, describes Henlip as so large and fair a house that it might be seen over a great part of the country, nay, its very size and good proportions had often caused its owner much trouble, being an eyesore to some Puritans of great wealth that were neighbours within a few miles distance. Father Bartoli expressly charges Sir Henry Bromley, of Holt Castle, the High Sheriff, with being the *terribilissimus Puritanus* who was most eager to make the mansion of Henlip and the domain of the Abingtons his own, for as it lay near to his own property, and had become in his eyes what Naboth's vineyard was to Achab, he hoped by similar schemes to obtain a like success.

Father Edward Oldcorne usually went by the name of Hall, or by the other aliases of Hutton, Parker, and Vincent. He was a native of York, and the son of

John Oldcorne, who in that city followed the humble calling of a bricklayer and tiler. Although John himself was a Protestant he had married a Catholic, who was a staunch sufferer for the faith, and of whom we find it recorded that "Elizabeth Oldcorne cometh not to the church, because she sayeth she is certified in her conscience otherwise, and that she should displease God if she should do otherwise," so she is summarily disposed of as being "old and lame, a recusant." Her husband was so far a Protestant that he is described as "one of the four sworn men against the late rebels and other evil-disposed people suspected of Papistry," yet he does not seem to have been a very fervent churchman, as he got into trouble and was fined for "coming not to the church on Sundays and holidays." Some members of the family, however, were Catholics, for Thomas Oldcorne, our martyr's uncle, and brother of John, was a prisoner for his religion, and probably died in prison, as did also Alice, his wife.

Edward Oldcorne's parents brought up their son in the Catholic faith, and during his younger years kept him at school, so that he was a good grammar scholar when he first went over beyond the seas, which was about the twenty-second year of his age. After making his earliest studies in England, he gave his mind for some time to the medical profession; but when he had reached the age of twenty-one, he abandoned medicine and crossing over to France, first studied at the English College, Rheims, for two or three years, and from thence went to the English College, Rome, in April, 1582, where he remained for more than six years, passing through the course of higher studies, logic, philosophy, and divinity, in all of which he was successful, possessing excellent abilities. In the month of August, 1587, he received Holy Orders, and was sent into England towards the close of the following year, having been in the meantime admitted into the Society along with Father Gerard by the Rev. Father Claude Acquaviva, General of the same, upon the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, 1588.

During the course of his studies Father Oldcorne's chief care and desire had been to profit in spirit, and this he did to the edification of the whole College. Father Gerard tells us that no one was more advanced in the practice of every mortification. He often begged leave of his superiors to visit the hospitals and to serve in the kitchen, besides other practices of humility which he knew to be usual in the Society, for he had earnestly desired to enter it long before he obtained his wish. The high opinion formed of him by his superiors is shown in their selection of him to negotiate a matter of importance for the College, the collecting of alms in the kingdom of Naples and Sicily towards the support of their scholars from England, who were far more numerous than the College funds could provide for, and whose parents at home were too seriously impoverished by fines and loss of property to supply the necessary means. Father Oldcorne acquitted himself of this charge with such fidelity and good discretion that he brought back a pretty large sum of money with him.

The few weeks of interval between his reception into the Society and his departure for England Father Oldcorne spent in the novitiate, but the Father General was so fully satisfied with the proofs he had already given of virtue and perseverance that he was willing to dispense with the usual probation of a two years' noviceship, and to accept instead as sufficient test the future trials and labours that awaited him in his dangerous mission. Father Oldcorne gave during the journey very great edification to all in his company by his religious behaviour, showing in all his actions great humility and readiness to help and assist any of them in their needs. When they came to the seaside they discovered how difficult it was to pass into England and heard of the active persecution then awaiting them, the Earl of Leicester having made a solemn vow that within a twelvemonth he would not leave one Papist in the country; but God called him out of this life within that very period. Watch and ward having been instituted by him in every seaport town on

the English coast, and even in the villages and along the roads and bye-ways, the Fathers of the College at Eu would by no means let them try the passage across. They wrote therefore to Rome for further instructions, begging at the same time that they might be permitted to go forward. The answer which they received from Father Persons was to the effect that though the times were more perilous now than when they had started from Rome, yet, since the cause was God's and their will so good as to prefer the safety of the souls of others to the safety of their own bodies, they might in the name of God proceed, but that this was left to their own choice. These letters were received with great joy, and the two Fathers, Oldcorne and Gerard, within a few days after hired a vessel wherein they embarked, thinking to have landed in the north parts of England, which seemed less disturbed. "The vessel then set sail," writes Father Gerard, from whom this narrative is taken, "with four priests on board, a goodly cargo indeed, had not my unworthiness deprived me of the crown, since all those other three suffered martyrdom for the faith.

"After crossing the Channel, as we were sailing along the English coast on the third day, my companion and I, seeing a convenient spot at which the ship's boat might easily set us on shore, we commended the matter to God and took counsel with our companions. We then ordered the vessel to anchor until dark, and in the first watch we were put ashore in the cock-boat, and left there. Then we sought some path that would lead us to the open country, but every path led us to some dwelling; we therefore turned into a neighbouring wood, where we proposed to rest during the night. But the cold and rain rendered sleep out of the question, nor did we dare speak aloud to one another, as the wood was in the neighbourhood of a house, but we deliberated in whispers whether to set out together for London, or to part company, so that if one were taken the other might escape. We ultimately determined that each should set forth by himself and take different routes. We cast lots who should first leave the wood,

and the lot fell on Father Oldcorne. After making division of what money we had, having embraced and given each other a blessing, Father Oldcorne determined to make for the sea shore, under the disguise of an English domestic servant coming from the interior, seeking for a vessel to take him to London." As he approached the port, he espied a vessel just setting sail, and so hastening his steps and making signals that he wished to embark, he was taken on board without any suspicion under his assumed garb. He strove by an air of cheerfulness to accommodate himself to the humours of the sailors, but twice or thrice he could not forbear from reproving their coarse or immoral language, though he imperilled himself by so doing, as he afterwards told Father Gerard. The two Fathers met in London according to their former appointment, and by good hap found the Superior, Father Henry Garnet, then in London. With him was Father Robert Southwell, and as Father Weston was at that time in prison at Wisbeach, the four first-named were the only missioners at liberty in the country.

Father Oldcorne was employed for some time in London diligently labouring in the quest and salvation of souls. We are told that he was ever of a most ready wit, and did his best to adapt himself to the manners of those with whom he lived, though he was always filled with an ardent zeal in asserting and defending the Divine honour. Thus on one occasion, when in the house of a Catholic gentleman, he struck with his fist and broke into pieces a pane of stained glass representing an unbecoming subject, which he considered wholly unfit for the eyes of a virtuous family. Father Garnet after a little while took Father Oldcorne with him into Warwickshire, employing him in several missions about, and found him so useful and active that he sent him on the most difficult enterprises. At this time Mr. Richard Abington had his sister Dorothy staying with him in Henlip Castle, as she had lately left the Court of Queen Elizabeth, where she was brought up from a child. When we read that she had come into the

country expressly to drive all priests out of her brother's house, and vowed that they should never find harbour there again, we are prepared to be further told that she was a very obstinate and perverse heretic, and very troublesome to all the Catholics with whom she came in contact. Mr. Abington, hearing of Father Oldcorne's piety and skill, begged that he might be sent into Worcestershire to try what he could effect towards her conversion, seeing that the arguments and inferences of all others had utterly failed. Although the good Father was enabled within two days to soften her obstinacy in some measure, and satisfy her on many important points, she seemed more especially impressed by the earnestness of his zeal, and the prudence and learning of his answers. His victory over her doubts was complete when he added to his arguments the arms of fasting and prayer. Observing that the Father day after day abstained from all food, and persevered in his fast till he fell down from sheer exhaustion, she first was filled only with wonder, but soon casting herself at his feet she besought him with all humility to undertake the direction of her soul, lamenting bitterly over the former pride and hardness of her heart. It was this lady's reconciliation to the Church which led to Father Oldcorne's subsequent residence at Henlip for the space of sixteen years or more.

Father Gerard mentions in his autobiography an incident which must have taken place during that period, and which testifies to the sincere and earnest piety of the different missioners, and their great care to preserve within themselves the true spirit of the Society, notwithstanding the dangers to which it exposed them. Of himself he narrates, "I used to visit my Superior (Father Garnet), several times a year, when I wished to consult him on matters of importance. Not only I, but all of us, used to resort to him twice a year to give our half-yearly account of conscience, and renew the offering of our vows to our Lord Jesus. I always remarked that the others drew great profit from this holy custom of our Society. As for myself, to

speak my mind frankly, I never found anything do me more good, or stir up my courage more to fulfil all the duties which belong to our Institute, and are required of the workmen who till the Lord's vineyard in that country. Besides experiencing great spiritual joy from the renewal itself, I found my interior strength recruited, and a new zeal kindled within me afterwards in consequence.

"On one occasion we were all met together in the Superior's house while he yet resided in the country (in Worcestershire) and were employed in the renovation of spirit. We had had several conferences, and the Superior had given each of us some advice in private, when the question was started what we should do if the priest-hunters suddenly came upon us, seeing that there were so many of us, and there were nothing like enough hiding-places for all. We numbered then, I think, nine or ten of ours, besides other priests our friends, and some Catholics who would also have had to seek concealment. Next morning, about five o'clock, when Father Southwell was beginning Mass, and the others and myself were at meditation, I heard a bustle at the house door. Directly after, the sound of cries and oaths reached me, poured forth against the servant for refusing admittance. The fact was that four pursuivants with drawn swords were trying to break down the door and force an entrance. The faithful servant withstood them, otherwise we should have been all made prisoners. But, by this time, Father Southwell had heard the uproar, and, guessing what it meant, had at once taken off his vestments, and stripped the altar, while we strove to seek out everything belonging to us, so that there might be nothing found to betray the presence of a priest.

"While the enemy was shouting and bawling outside, and our servants were keeping the door, saying that the mistress of the house, a widow, had not yet got up, but that she was coming directly, and would give them an answer, we profited by the delay to stow away ourselves and all our baggage in a cleverly con-

trived hiding-place. At last these four leopards were let in, and raged about the house, looking everywhere, and prying into the darkest corners with candles. They took four hours over the business, but failed in their search, and only brought out the forbearances of the Catholics in suffering, and their own spite and obstinacy in seeking. At last they took themselves off, after getting paid, forsooth, for their trouble, by the suffering party, instead of by the authorities who sent them. As though it were not enough that the sufferers should endure worry but must also pay for their endurance of it. When they were gone, and were now some way off, so that there was no fear of their returning, as they sometimes do, a lady came and summoned out of the den not one but many Daniels. The hiding place was under ground, covered with water at the bottom, so that I was standing with my feet in water all the time. We had there Father Garnet, Father Southwell, and Father Oldcorne (three future martyrs), Father Stanny and myself, two secular priests, and two or three lay-gentlemen. Having thus escaped that day's danger, Father Southwell and I set off the next day together, as we had come. Father Oldcorne stayed, his dwelling or residence being at Henlip House, not far off."

Though Father Oldcorne made Henlip his head-quarters for so long a period, we are not to suppose his ministrations were confined to the one family or to their visitors. His innocence of manners and affability towards all gained him universal respect, even among the Protestants, who soon regarded him as an intimate friend and relative of the family. Catholics from the neighbourhood collected together in smaller or greater numbers, according as the virulence of the persecution permitted, to hear him preach and receive the sacraments from his hands. Within a few months he converted and reconciled very many persons in Worcestershire, as Father Thomas Lister of the Society testified, where there was not a Catholic before, and established such a regular life of religion and piety in

Mr. Abington's house that ever after it became one of the most celebrated in England for the entertainment and protection of priests.

How varied and widespread throughout the county, and even beyond it, was the good work accomplished by Father Oldcorne, we have the further testimony of Father Gerard himself who writes as follows:—"It is not easy to be believed how many obstinate heretics he converted, how many weak Catholics he confirmed, how many scholars he sent over to the seminaries and religious women to monasteries, how many houses he brought to that degree of devotion that he might and did settle priests in them. He founded and governed nearly all the domestic churches in those parts, so that he was called the 'Apostle of Worcestershire.' He assisted Father Garnet also with yearly provision of money procured from his own acquaintances towards his charges and the maintenance of others, when the Society began there to increase in number. All the chiefest gentlemen and best Catholics of the country, and the counties adjoining, depended upon his advice and council, and he was indefatigable in his journeys. I neither do know nor have known any one priest in England that did go so many journeys as he did, especially towards the latter end of his time, when he grew to be acquainted in so many places and so much esteemed that he could never scarcely stay three days at home lest he should be sent for." Father Gerard has thus sketched out for us the character as well as the work of the future martyr.

Father Oldcorne's residence at Henlip was marked by three narrow escapes from arrest by the pursuivants, the narrative of which further reveals his character and mode of life. On one occasion, when making his way back from Wales in the company of some other priests, he could not reach Worcester until after the gates had been closed, and as a diligent search had been set on foot for the perpetrators of a house robbery, he and his party came under suspicion, and so were detained and

examined. When brought before a justice of the peace and asked the cause of his so late travelling, he gave a satisfactory answer, and at the instance of a simple old man, who declared that he "looked not like a house-clearer," he was dismissed, and with the rest of his company was able to reach the castle in safety. At another time, while walking with his host in the garden, and fortunately wearing only his outer cloak, the house was suddenly surrounded, and five of the High Sheriff's men passing through the open gate brought word to Mr. Abington that their master wanted to speak with him. Though left in the garden with the object of their search, he delivered himself out of their hands by a clever ruse. Coming with the searchers to the door that led from the house, and finding that some of the servants had locked it to give time for concealing all suspicious objects, he called the servants and sharply reprehended them for keeping the Queen's officers waiting outside. Then passing slowly and deliberately through, after a slight pause he closed it and hurried off to one of the hiding-places. When they had examined the house in vain, they inquired for the person whom they had seen walking in the garden, and were then told that he was a recusant, who being confined to his five miles bounds, and likely having travelled farther than his compass limited, had probably taken his horse and was gone. Finding, in fact that a gelding had been removed from the stable, they acted upon the information given, and so considered any further search useless. The third danger which he incurred was a more serious one, for the house was on that occasion beset at night, and watch and search were carried on for three days and nights, during which the wainscoting of the galleries was broken up in about twenty different places. Coming back to the part where he actually lay hid, the searchers found a shoe-lace belonging to him, and not being able to trace out any other owner for it, they returned to the spot and aimed the blows of their axe close to where he stood. After he had made the sign of the Cross and offered up a fervent prayer, they suddenly gave up

the attempt and took their departure, though not before they had eaten up all the provisions. They carried off two servants with them, as Mr. Abington himself was absent.

At the present time, when there has been so striking a renewal of favours granted through the intercession of St. Winefrid at her famous Well, it is especially interesting to read of the miraculous cure which Father Oldcorne obtained from her. Great as was his charity towards others, his severity towards himself was equally great in practising corporal austerities, besides which he applied himself rigidly to study, spending in it almost all the time that he could spare from other business. In the strain of his missionary labours he had broken a blood-vessel, and became reduced to a very low state of prostration, continuing for some eight or nine years in weak health. Although he recovered at first, he began again to spit blood, and this was followed by the formation of a cancer in the throat, so serious that the physicians declared that it was necessary to remove some parts of the roof of his mouth. The Father at once resolved to make a pilgrimage to St. Winefrid's Well, and reaching on his way the house of a Catholic where he intended to say Mass, he found amongst the relics on the altar a little stone taken from the shrine. He retired with this, and after placing and retaining it in his mouth for some little time, during which he prayed earnestly to the Saint, he found that his mouth was perfectly healed. When he arrived at the Well itself, he recovered the strength of his whole body, which he so far maintained as to be able to endure more labour and fatigue than previously. When he felt any return of his weakness, for this happened almost annually, a fresh visit to St. Winefrid's shrine always restored him completely to health.

For eighteen entire years was the martyr permitted thus to spend himself for the good of souls, until in the year 1606 a most searching inquiry was instituted to discover all possible accomplices in the Gunpowder Plot. Amongst those who attended the ministrations

of Father Oldcorne at Henlip was a Catholic gentleman of the name of Humphrey Littleton. This person having fallen into trouble for harbouring Mr. Robert Winter, one of the supposed conspirators, and seeing himself in danger of his life, treacherously sent word to the Council that he had heard a Jesuit called Oldcorne preaching in Mr. Abington's house, that the Father resided there for the most part, and that he thought Garnet also was staying there. A warrant was presently despatched to the nearest justice, Sir Henry Bromley, who at once repaired to the castle on a Sunday morning, with above a hundred men. Finding himself detained at the gates, under pretext of necessary delay in coming to answer, but really in order to give time for hiding away priests, and church stuff, and all things and persons connected with them, he caused the gates to be broken open, though they were too strong to allow of this being quickly done. Up to the last day of the week their constant examination of every part left them completely baffled, though Father Garnet and Father Oldcorne were really in the house. On Saturday the two laymen, Brothers Nicholas Owen and Ralph Ashley, who attended on the Fathers, having been obliged to shut themselves up in a hiding-hole with nothing but an apple between them as food for six days, were simply starved out. Watching, therefore, their opportunity, while the searchers were at the other end of the long gallery in front of their place of concealment, they opened and shut the door and crept along so quietly that when discovered the exact position of their hiding-place could not be detected, nor was the fact quite clear that they had been in hiding at all. They considered their own seizure to be of secondary importance, while it might possibly have the good result of satisfying the pursuivants. On the contrary, it only whetted the appetite of the latter for fresh discovery, and they began again to search with greater violence to property than before, till after other six days it pleased God to end the misery of suspense in which the two poor Fathers were kept by

permitting their detection. The pursuivants having found and entered the secret place, soon recognized Father Oldcorne, and more than suspecting the other to be Father Garnet, obtained definite information against him from one who was then a prisoner in Worcester. Sir Henry Bromley at first took the prisoners in his coach to the town, intending to place them in gaol, but afterwards relented and carried them to his own house, and then on receiving the necessary authority removed them to London along with Mr. Abington, who, though absent from home at the commencement of the search, had returned two days after.

Father Oldcorne was placed in the first instance in the Gatehouse Prison, Westminster, and from that conveyed to the Tower, and it was a few days after their confinement in the latter prison that the malicious and utterly unworthy trick was practised upon himself and Father Garnet, whereby both were persuaded they could speak to each other in perfect security through a cleft in the wall of Father Oldcorne's cell, a little above the door. This spot, by a special contrivance, admitted of their words being carried along a kind of speaking gallery to a position occupied by the keeper and another man who acted as eaves-droppers to the unsuspecting prisoners. The Fathers availed themselves of the opportunity, first to hear each other's confessions, and then naturally to discuss some details of their respective examinations in connection with the Gunpowder Plot before the Council. The two questions recorded were put by Father Oldcorne, one being whether Mr. Winter's going into Spain and his negotiations there were not laid to Father Garnet's charge; the other bearing reference to the accusation of complicity in the Gunpowder treason. To the former of these questions Father Garnet's reply was, as Father Gerard tells us in his *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, that "he could answer that well enough, for after that time he had the King's general pardon, at the time of his coming to the crown, that other business with Spain being in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." The answer

of Father Garnet to the second question was "that they did so charge him but that they could prove no such matter against him, and that no man living could touch him in that matter, except one."

This answer having been overheard, in the way already described, was carried with all speed and joy to the Council, and upon it he was carefully examined when under torture. Father Gerard narrates that "seeing his trust thus deceived and this matter discovered, Father Garnet thought it best, for divers reasons, not to stand in it any longer, but said that he would utter the matter justly as it was, that being the time wherein he might lawfully do it, and before he could not: the knowledge that he had, being a secret committed to him in confession, which the penitent did only license him to utter, to save himself from torture, but not in any other case. . . . Being then required to tell who the party was, he answered, they should see he would deal plainly with them in all things, it being now lawful to utter his knowledge therein, and said, 'the man was Father Oswald Tesimund.'" The fact that this Father was already in prison and indicted on several counts rendered it less difficult for Father Garnet to take this step, while Father Gerard closes his comments on the reasons which moved him thereto in these words: "His act, therefore, cannot justly be imputed to any frailty or imprudence in him, but rather esteemed as an argument of his care to take away jealousies from the King, who could not fear any further power or practice in Father Tesimund; to prevent troubles from Catholics; to free himself, and the other also, from opinion of any consent unto the Plot; but especially to clear all the rest of the Society from so much as the least knowledge that any such thing was intended."

Father Tesimund himself was fully exonerated by Mr. Thomas Winter, who had made confession to him, from all complicity in the Plot, when he bore testimony on the scaffold that "Whereas divers of the Fathers of the Society were accused of counseling and

furthering them in this treason, he could clear them all, and particularly Father Tesimund, from all fault and participation therein."

Three charges were made against Father Oldcorne before the Privy Council, and these were repeated in his arraignment at Worcester. First, he had invited Father Henry Garnet to seek the asylum of Henlip, although he was a denounced traitor. In the next place, he had written to Father Robert Jones, in Herefordshire, to aid in concealing two other conspirators, and had thus made himself an accomplice. In the third place, he had approved of the Plot as a good action, although it failed of success.

When called in further question about his knowledge of the treason, he preserved always the same character, being virtuous, wise, and consistent; and as in truth he knew nothing of the Plot, so did he ever maintain his absolute innocence in regard of it, and patiently endured the extreme torments which they inflicted on him five hours every day, as it has been said. His hands and fingers were benumbed, so that the merciless Wade, the lieutenant of the Tower, and rack-master, was obliged to guide the martyr's hand to sign his name. The Father himself complained of this, openly protesting against such treatment before the judges and the crowded court during his trial at Worcester, without any one contradicting him or standing up in defence of such conduct.

On the 21st March in this year, 1606, Father Oldcorne was sent from the Tower towards the county of Worcester, and Mr. Thomas Abington along with him, together with Ralph Ashley, the lay-brother. As they went through Holborn Mrs. Abington met her husband and with many tears took her leave of him, yet promised to labour earnestly with the King for his pardon. Mr. Abington wished her to be of good comfort, for he himself was not troubled; and withal wished her to put His Majesty in mind how he had suffered four years' imprisonment for his good mother, for whom also his elder brother was executed, and that himself had never un-

dutifully thought against him or his, in his life. They were all carried down to Worcester like criminals, supposed to have been guilty of most heinous treason, and their usage by the way and at their coming to Worcester answerable thereunto. It was the time of Lent Assizes, at which Mr. Abington was convicted and condemned upon the statute of relieving priests. A reprieve however came from London, and his life remained at the King's mercy, while his lands and goods were forfeited to the state. He bore his prosecution with exemplary courage, patience, and devotion.

Father Oldcorne's indictment showed how anxiously the enemies of the faith sought to involve him in the guilt of treason, trying in vain to prove that he had written and disseminated treasonable letters, that he had befriended the conspirators, and had extenuated their fault in one of his sermons. Each of these accusations having fallen through, his judges were driven to take their stand on ground which happily gave to his violent death the character of a true and undeniable martyrdom, whereby he sealed his faith with his blood simply because of his priesthood and his religious profession, and because he was well-known to have gained many souls to the Church. Being found guilty by the jury, he was condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. On the night preceding the fatal day, which was Monday, April 7, 1606, an event happened which caused the martyr a double sorrow. A soldier, getting to know of Father Floyd's intention to visit the prisoner at nightfall to administer to him the last comforts of religion, maliciously gave information of the fact, and by adding a description of his person secured the Father's arrest as soon as he presented himself at the prison gate. For this act of charity Father Floyd was imprisoned for twelve months, and then sent into exile with forty-six other priests and Jesuits.

After this came great consolation in the news of the conversion of an obstinate sinner and perverse heretic, a Calvinist confined in the same gaol and condemned to die the next day for notorious crimes. Being, as he

said, "assured of his salvation," he spent his last day in singing licentious and ribald songs, and in jesting with everyone he met, but suffered himself to be persuaded to have an interview with Father Oldcorne. The combined judgement, learning, and gentle manner of the latter, aided by God's grace, soon touched his heart and filled his mind with new thoughts, so that after what instruction could be given he was led to a sincere repentance and reconciliation with the Church. He not only professed himself a Catholic, but all alone walked alongside of the hurdle on which the martyr was laid, all the way to the place of execution although steep and covered with mud. When, as Father Gerard narrates, "the keepers and other prisoners asked him why he did so, he answered he would follow his Father to his death whom he hoped to follow after death to a better place. 'Why,' said they, 'art thou become a Papist?' 'I am a Catholic,' said he, 'I thank God and this good Father, and so I mean to die!' They replied that he was a notorious thief, and known to have committed many mischiefs. 'It is true,' said he, 'I was so indeed when I was of your religion. I was then a Protestant and a thief, now I am a Catholic and penitent; and as heresy was the cause of my disorders, so now the Catholic religion is the cause and means of my repentance.' And in this mind and manner of proceeding, he continued until his death, to the admiration of all who had known his former courses, which gave occasion to divers to see and acknowledge the great difference between those trees which brought forth such different fruits."

It is difficult in these days to realize the degraded and revolting sight which the passage of a martyr to the place of his execution must have presented to the eye, the mingled discomfort, humiliation, and suffering which it inflicted on the victim of so great malice and cruelty. On the occasion we describe, the way was especially long, the streets narrow and thronged with a mob of old and young, whose worst and bitterest passions were busily excited. The roads were rough and

covered with mire, the steep and tedious ascent of Redhill, far worse to climb then even than now, must have notably prolonged the moral and physical painfulness of the whole scene. The hurdle or low sledge, even in its very appearance and position, as it was dragged jolting over the ground, with the prisoner bound on it, making deep furrows through the mud at every step; the horse which was fastened to it and which splashed the dirt up as it went along—such treatment as this was in itself a foretaste of the death then close at hand and full in the mind of the sufferer, a second way of sorrows so contrived as to be a faithful repetition of that former passage to Mount Calvary. As though to make the parallel more exact and evident, a Calvinist minister by word and example unfeelingly instigated the people to make game and mockery of those who were on their way to death; and, following in the rear of the procession, gathered round him a crowd of children, who like himself, insulted the Father with infamous reproaches and a thousand epithets.

Father Oldcorne being come to the brow of the hill and the place of the gallows, first with great fervour commended himself to Almighty God, to the Blessed Virgin, and to his patron, St. Jerome. He then declared to those assembled that he came there to die for the Catholic faith, seeing they neither had nor could prove anything against him which, even by their own laws, was sufficient to condemn him. He prayed aloud for the King and all the Royal Family, for his accuser (whom he said he heartily pardoned), for the judge, the jury, and all any way concerned in his death. Next being asked about the treason, and his taking part with the conspirators, he protested there again that he never had the least knowledge of the plot, and took it upon his death that he was as clear as the new-born child of the whole or of any part of it. Then, after further prayer and commendation of his soul, he was turned off the ladder, and hanging a while, was cut down and quartered, and so his innocent and thrice happy soul went to receive the reward of his many great labours and sufferings.

We conclude this sketch of Father Oldcorne's life by recounting two very marked external signs whereby God publicly set His seal to the great merits of the blessed martyr, for the authenticity of which we can quote Father Gerard's *Narrative*, Father Nieremburg's work on the Illustrious Members of the Society, and the valuable collection of old Jesuit MSS. in the State Archives, made by Father Cardwell, S.J. According to custom a fire was kindled in an open field beside the place of execution, for burning part of the bodies of those put to death, and this, though exposed to rain and many other changes in the weather continued burning on for sixteen or seventeen days, notwithstanding all the means employed to extinguish it, and the prevalence of very heavy rain. Fearing lest so great a phenomenon might be attributed to miraculous agency, the townspeople poured an immense quantity of water over it, as it blazed forth afresh during the time that a large fair was being held, and so they succeeded in overcoming the flames. But we likewise read in Father Gerard's *Narrative* that both on this spot and also within the courtyard of Henlip itself, grass sprang up and assumed the form of a crown, standing higher than the other herbage and differing somewhat in colour, and that when cut down it sprang up again in like height and form as before, and so continued to the great admiration of all the country thereabouts. Thus is the good Father very explicit and detailed in his contemporaneous account, and very bold in his claim even to the public notoriety of both events.

Our last words cannot do better than breathe forth the prayer of Father Gerard in his own words: "I hope in God the time will come when the city of Worcester will see and acknowledge both the burning charity with which the Blessed Father Oldcorne lived and died amongst them, and the crown of glory which he hath at the hand of God for his faith so truly kept and his death so happily consummated. His life was holy, his death saintly. God send us part of his blessed merits and intercession!"

FAIR TREATMENT FOR HONEST WORK.

By the Right Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B.

IN the number of topics that lead to, from, and around industrial problems of the day, every earnest thinker feels the need of fixed principles to lean upon and to revert to in difficulties. Visionary schemes of social regeneration only glimmer in the distant future; they predict a millennium for our great grand-children, they may even then turn out to be a mirage, and anyway do not mend present troubles. It is easy and cheap to hurl invectives at the rich or at capitalists, to rail at the injustice of wealth and possessions, to dilate on natural rights and natural equality, all of which may glow in the glamour of eloquence but will scarcely be practical, and a hard headed workman will look for something to drink beneath the froth. On clearing away the foaming bubbles, if he finds at the bottom of the vessel an order for unlimited porter available at the end of next century, it will by no means quench his thirst on a hot day. What he looks for, and justly looks for, is some immediate and practical relief from the burdens under which he groans. Take an illustration from physical nature. An orator declaims against the unequal distribution of heat and cold, he urges that it is manifestly unjust that heat should be accumulated at the equator, that it is iniquitous for England

to be bound up in ice while Egypt is basking in the sun, that every nation has a natural right to its fair share of the sun's heat, that all lands were created equal, and it is monstrous that Africa and South America should revel in positively superfluous heat, while northern countries are shivering, and he concludes by demanding that heat should be redistributed. An opponent who aches with the cold in his bones, suggests immediate steps for mitigating it by procuring coal, stoves, hot water pipes, double doors and windows, and a supply of blankets. The unequal distribution of heat is not strictly analogous to the unequal distribution of wealth, but the way of meeting difficulties of temperature illustrates the practical as opposed to the speculative methods in which the industrial problem may be approached.

All Christians will admit certain principles that underlie social questions, that considerably influence their solution, and that place Christians on a different standpoint from Agnostics or Materialists in dealing with the subject. They have a firm belief in a future state, in a life nobler and happier than the present; they do not expect perfect ease and freedom from trouble on earth, and they hold that material comfort is not the only aim in this world. They further recognize that human nature is corrupt, that it has fallen from its first vigour, and that vices, passions, and weakness modify and mar every project that man undertakes. They admit that the inequality in the physical, mental, and social condition of man is part of the moral scheme of Providence, that it has always existed and will exist to the end of time. They recognize that each of the inequalities serves a purpose in the scheme of the moral order, and that the frustration of that purpose will be caused by the intervention of vice, passion, or weakness. Granting these principles, which no Christian on consideration can deny, we need not waste time or thought over conditions that cannot exist, nor attempt to construct a rival moral scheme. We accept the unequal distribution of heat and en-

deavour to mitigate the ravages of cold; so we accept the unequal social conditions and endeavour to remedy the ravages of vice, passion, and weakness.

Here we join issue at once with those who advocate social schemes or improvements without reference to religion. By religion is meant, not any particular faith or creed, but the service of God, and such service as implies control over vices and passions. If all human undertakings of any magnitude, and even the trivial occurrences of daily life, are subject to derangement and failure through internal human weakness, it is obvious that success will depend in a great measure on the precautions taken to fortify and control that weakness. What causes misfortune and afflictions and misery in every department of social life,—political, legislative, administrative, commercial, domestic,—but the working of ambition, jealousy, anger, greed, luxury, envy, indolence, or some other human passion? Hence the evils of the social condition of the present day, the misery and oppression of the poor, the luxury and callousness of the rich, are traceable to the sway of these passions. Any attempted remedy that leaves these passions their full fling is doomed to failure, because it does not reach the root of the mischief. Now, religion is the only efficient agency to control them. The criminal code punishes the detected outcome of some passions, legislation may diminish opportunities for indulgence, public opinion may restrain certain external manifestations, but the influence on outward conduct of all combined cannot vie with religion that enters into the recesses of the soul to control and direct the springs of action. Hence to secure any measure of success in dealing with social subjects we must establish and maintain the practice of Christian justice and morality.

In taking for granted the unequal distribution of wealth and differences in social condition a Christian simply acknowledges the existence of a moral plan or order, in the same way as the acceptance of the unequal distribution of heat recognises a physical plan or order.

Heat and cold, light and darkness, land and sea, ice and cloud, mountain and plain, sand and snow, and the rest combine to produce the physical order that we see around us; so wealth and poverty, strength and weakness, health and sickness, virtue and vice, passion and emotion, inequalities of intellect, memory and will, and the rest combine to produce the moral and social order. Inconveniences arising locally from the physical order are met, modified and tempered by men without attempting a reconstruction, which is admitted to be futile, so the evils that spring up in the moral order are remedied, not by railing at the inequalities or constructing a different plan, which is equally futile, but by meeting, modifying, and tempering them with the practical means at our disposal. Now, wealth and poverty have a purpose which may be gleaned from Christian teaching. The virtues of charity, liberality, mercy, almsgiving, etc., on the one hand, and meekness, patience, obedience, etc., on the other, find scope in the unequal distribution of property. Moreover, the emotions of compassion, sympathy, pity, and such like imply objects for their exercise. If this is the purpose of wealth, by wealth I mean superfluity, or even a part of the purpose of wealth, it follows that wealth and possessions are a trust, that they entail a responsibility, a duty, a burden on the conscience to fulfil that trust. This has ever been Christian teaching, abundantly confirmed in the Holy Scripture and in the words of Christ, and in this age of luxury and colossal fortunes we cannot too frequently proclaim, inculcate, and insist upon, the duty and responsibility attached to wealth. Money and possessions in themselves are indifferent; the use to which they are applied becomes of importance in the social order. We cannot suppose that Providence allows the accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals to be used for luxury, ambition, gratification of greed, avaricious hoarding, extravagant display. This is the abuse of riches, the betrayal of a trust. In any social condition man is placed in the midst of his fellow-men and has duties to them because they are his

fellow-men. Whatever God has given him that his fellows have not must in some wise be exercised in reference to them. The strong man has duties towards the weak, the intellectual towards the ignorant, the old towards the young, men towards women, those that have more towards those who have less, the rich towards the poor.

In applying these principles to the relation between employer and workman, the actual work that is done, and the wage that is paid for it are not the only considerations. Industrial enterprises imply an unequal social condition, and it is visionary to seek to abolish capital and capitalists, to do away with masters, and construct a system of the equalization of labour, but the sensible practical method is to see how the evils of the present system can be met, modified, and tempered. The work in hand is the bond that connects employer and workman, but this bond involves duties and responsibilities on both sides, duties and responsibilities that follow, not from the work only, but from their common human nature. Whenever man deals with man, in proportion to the closeness of the connection he must deal with him according to his nature, his strength and his weakness, his reason and his will, his passions and his emotions, his immortal soul and hope of a future life. When a master employs a horse he treats it according to its nature; so if he employs a man he must treat him according to his nature, for he receives the service of his manhood. What does a good workman give in his employment? He gives his time in the heats of the day, time spent away from the midst of his family perhaps from early morning to late evening. He gives the sinews of his arms, the muscles of his body, the endurance of his back, his animal strength. He gives the powers of his mind, the ripeness of his judgement, the concentration of his attention, the tenacity of his will. He gives a store of experience, facility of execution, correctness of method, quickness of manipulation, accuracy of eye, and hand, and touch. He gives the qualities of his heart—love for his work, interest in the

result, pride in success, obedience, patience, determination. He gives the dictates of his conscience—respect for authority, submission to reproof, exactness in honesty, faithfulness in trust, the pleadings of honour. He gives all his manhood, he spends physical, mental, and moral qualities in the service of his employer.

What recompense is due for this? Fair wage? I say more than fair wage; he should have fair treatment as a man. Fair wage is money value, and who can estimate the money value of a faithful servant? In the ordinary course of commerce, man's labour has a money value usually determined by the price of the article that he produces. This price must cover the cost of material, the plant or machinery, the buildings or factories, the labourer's wage, the employer's profit, the warehousing, the carriage, and the retail distribution. With the price regulated by competition, and the article unsaleable unless offered at the market value, the fluctuations in the cost of any of the elements of production react upon the rest. An addition to the cost of machinery or the price of fuel compels an individual capitalist to reduce the cost of the other elements in order to place his article in the market. Consequently the money value of man's labour will be liable to fluctuation, although his labour remains the same. Of all the elements that make up the cost of an article man's labour is surely the most important, and claims first consideration. The raw material, the machinery, the buildings, vehicles of transit are inanimate matter, and acquire their value from the labour of man that is put into them. Iron ore resting in its bed, timber growing in the forest, coal buried in the earth, soil upon the surface, are unserviceable until the sweat, the muscle, and the will of man has given them value. The most complicated machine has become a machine by the mind and hands of man. Consequently, it appears reasonable and just that, however the other elements of cost may fluctuate, an adequate remuneration for man's labour should be first of all secured. It seems unjust that increased cost of material, fuel, or buildings, which are secondary ele-

ments in the production, should be alleged as a reason for reducing the wages of labour. Surely the price of the article should be raised and the wages remain untouched. This, it will be urged, is impracticable. It need not be so. If the popular voice insists upon fair treatment of workmen, not in one country only, but wherever labour is employed, and forces point after point in that fair treatment, the result must raise prices or diminish the cost of the other elements. Hence the recompense of labour should not be estimated by its commercial value as part of the cost of production, and I repeat that a workman is entitled not so much to a fair wage, as expressed by money value, as to fair treatment.

What is meant by fair treatment? It is the proper custody of a thing according to its nature and use. Fair treatment of a tool, *e.g.*, a chisel, keeps it clean, free from rust, preserves its sharp edge, and does not use it for purposes for which it is not adapted. A machine, a carriage, or a horse receives fair treatment where everything is done that is needful for its preservation and efficient use. The treatment in each case may vary according to the nature of the thing. In estimating the fair treatment of a workman we must consider his nature and efficient working, his physical, mental, and moral qualities, and must remember that he is a being with reason and an immortal soul, that he is liable to sickness and to grow old, that he is a Christian with hopes of a better life hereafter. Hence fair treatment should provide whatever is necessary to preserve his body and mind, to keep his physical, mental and moral qualities in working order, and since when disabled he cannot be broken up like a machine nor be shot like a horse, to make provision for incapacity and old age. All this is due to him as a man, and to ascertain how far it may be attained by a money value or a fair wage it is necessary to examine the details more closely.

He is clearly entitled to protection during his work, so that he may suffer as little detriment as possible. The workrooms should be healthy, well ventilated,

heated or cooled; he should not be liable to be maimed or injured by imperfect appliances, ill-regulated machinery, or defective materials, and he should be preserved against accident by all reasonable precautions. His tools or implements should be serviceable so as not to hamper his work. To prevent exhaustion of strength, one man should not be forced to do the work of a man and a half, nor the hours be so prolonged as to overtax the energies. Then a host of moral conditions enter into fair treatment. The workman should have fitting technical instruction and due encouragement for well doing without favouritism or bullying; he should not be railed or sworn at as if he were a beast of burden, nor have his moral or religious sense wounded by ribaldry, profanity or obscenity. The granting of any of these points does not imply any generous impulse on the part of the employer, but ordinary fair treatment such that a man may expect from a man. Nor will the neglect of them be covered by money payment; a workman may put up with the neglect from the necessity of earning a wage, but his self-respect will always consider that he is not fairly treated.

To preserve life a workman requires his body to be fed, clothed and lodged. Food and clothing will depend upon the wage but decent lodging may not be within his power. He may be compelled to live in a wretched tenement house, to pay an exorbitant rent, to be confined in rooms without sufficient air, light or water, with imperfect sanitary arrangements, and such that must impair his physical and moral health. An employer may or may not be able to provide wholesome dwellings for his workmen, but they are entitled somehow to suitable homes, and public bodies should insist upon the demolition of unhealthy houses and the substitution of dwellings fit for human habitation. A man has a natural right to marry and to have children, and he does not receive fair treatment unless his employment enables him to support his wife and rear his children in a home with surroundings suitable to his state of life. He has to live by the work of his hands,

and the work of his hands should enable him to secure his natural rights and fulfil his natural duties; hence the work of his hands should support his family decently. He has a father's duties towards his children, and his work should allow time and energy for parental responsibilities; he should not be a stranger in his own household. Besides the rest or cessation from work, absolutely necessary to renew the strength of his body, he may fairly expect leisure to attend to his mind and his soul which are equally parts of his human nature. If his duty towards God is of primary importance his service to man should not prevent reasonable service to his Maker. Sickness, accidents, and old age are the common lot of humanity; hence, in treating a man according to his nature these must be anticipated. That a workman should want means during illness when he most needs it, or that he should be left destitute when long years of work have sapped his strength and worn out his system, can scarcely be considered fair treatment, and these necessary frailties of nature should be provided for either in his wage or from other sources.

It is evident that a considerable portion of what constitutes fair treatment will not be secured by a fair wage or money value. The wage whether high or low, will not affect the conditions of the work itself, the amount of time at disposal for fulfilling other duties, reasonable recreation or possibly a decent home. The wage may secure assistance during sickness by subscription to benefit societies or unions, but provision for old age by the workman himself is practically beyond his capacity, for under favourable circumstances he rarely has sustained abstinence sufficient to accumulate a fund for support during declining years. Consequently in estimating whether a given sum is a fair wage many things must be taken into account. Contrast a factory carried on by an employer who treats his workmen as Christians with another where the employer merely considers how much work can be extracted from his men. In the one the workrooms are airy and commodious, the plant and implements are tested and reliable,

the workmen are organized into societies or gilds whereby they are insured against accident, sickness, or old age; they are provided with decent homes at a reasonable rental; reading-rooms and places with appliances for recreation are at their disposal; there are lessons and instructions in industrial training; occasionally all are brought together in a festive gathering or excursion, and the employer takes a personal interest in each individual. In the other the workmen labour through the prescribed number of hours, foremen rigidly exact the allotted task, the building, the machinery, and tools are considered to be no affair of theirs, the stipulated wage is duly paid at the close of the week, and there ends the relations between the employer and his men—so much money for so much work, and the workman may shift as he can for anything else. Would the same money be a fair wage in both cases? Would not, say, twenty-five shillings a week in the first case be a generous wage compared with thirty shillings in the second? Then I repeat if a workman honestly gives the energies of his manhood to his employer he is entitled to fair treatment rather than fair wage, an adequate money value being part of the fair treatment.

But then it must be honest work. Fair treatment on the part of the employer involves fair treatment of the employer by the workman. The evils apparent in the industrial problem of the day are not wholly the fault of the employer. The same passions and weaknesses that make the employer callous, oppressive, and grasping, act also on the workman. Both are human; both have to struggle against the depravity of the human heart. Hence the difficulty of establishing peaceful and fraternal relations between workman and employer without the aid of religion. If a workman is sullen and envious and bitter, if he allows thoughts of animosity to rankle in his heart, if he fosters feelings of revenge, if he sets himself against his employer's interest, if he delights in abusing him, how can amicable relations ensue? Employers may take advantage of the hunger and necessities of men to exact much work for

little pay, but men not unfrequently take advantage of an employer's necessity or supineness. Instances are not unknown of shirking work when supervision is suspended, of scamping it, of wasting time, and even of fraudulent practices. If employers have ground men down to starvation wages in hard times, men have exacted high rates when they caught the employer in a difficulty over his contracts. The connection has assumed the aspect of regular warfare. It may be alleged that the workman has great provocation and that he writhes under a sense of abiding injustice. True, but if amicable relations are ever to be attained each side must consider not only the faults of the other but also its own shortcomings. If each brought his bearing towards the other before the bar of conscience and listened to the dictates of religion and Christian charity, the chances of agreement would be increased. In strenuously striving for fair treatment the workman's position is strengthened if he gives honest work.

To obtain fair treatment for the workman practical methods would take up point after point and urge them with energy and persistence until they are secured. Let dreamers dream their dream of social regeneration, and meanwhile let all friends of the working man deal with practical issues. Earnest and devoted men have achieved much in recent years. The conditions of labour itself have been vastly improved by inspection of buildings, factories, mines, plant and machinery, by restrictions in age and sex, by limiting hours of work, by regulations for the payment of wages, and a quantity of enactments that restrain the greed and recklessness of employers. The Employers' Liability Act, when properly understood and justly administered, is itself a great boon. The movement for an eight hours' day shows the tendency to secure time for home life and home duties. The agitation for healthy homes and old age pensions meets other points in fair treatment. The advocates for such measures are true friends to the working man, obtaining for him substantial benefits.

The results may not be complete, but they are pledges of spreading sympathy. Let the working man second these efforts by his support, his influence, his vote, but above all by his self-respect and regard for the dignity of labour Let not improvidence, intemperance, extravagance, or insubordination lead his friends to fear that he is unworthy of the efforts they are making for him. If he clings to religion, to a clear conscience, to a sense of duty, success in the efforts is certain. The Church has ever been his friend, and should be his trusted friend, for through the long ages she has been faithful to him and his needs.

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Dean Farrar on the Observance of Good Friday.

BY THE REV. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.

FEW more striking illustrations could be found of the fact that the tide of Ritualism in this country is continually rising higher and higher than the change which has recently come over the face of Anglicanism in the celebration of Good Friday. Fifty years ago the chief religious observances by which the day was solemnized consisted in a general consumption of Hot Cross Buns, and a by no means so general attendance at a morning service conducted in strict accordance with the Book of Common Prayer. In some more conservative households the appearance of salt-fish[1] at the dinner-table also served to mark the occasion as an unwonted one, but otherwise the religiously minded were content to show their piety chiefly by remaining within doors and restricting themselves severely to Sunday books and semi-ecclesiastical music. Now all this is changed. At most of the more frequented places of worship our Anglican friends on Good Friday are invited to attend some three, four, or even five different services. What is more striking, the devotion of the Three Hours' Agony at mid-day has become as firmly estab-

[1] The salt-fish must undoubtedly be a survival of the fasting discipline maintained in England by Act of Parliament long after the separation from Rome, and from which Elizabeth and her successor used graciously to issue dispensations under the Privy Seal.

lished among them as if it had come down on "Continuity" principles from the Bishops of the ancient British Church, instead of being the pious invention of a Peruvian Jesuit in the last century.[1] It is not only in churches regarded as distinctively Ritualistic that it has taken root, but it flourishes in Anglican Cathedrals and is attended by crowded congregations under episcopal patronage. Without pretending to enumerate all, the newspapers show that in at least ten of the great Cathedrals, including York Minster and St. Paul's, the Three Hours' service is punctually carried out; while in numerous other churches less immediately subject to episcopal influence, we hear of "Mass of the Presanctified," of "Adoration of the Cross," of "Tenebræ," and of the open-air procession of the "Way of the Cross."

It was no doubt with these innovations prominently before his mind that Dean Farrar on last Good Friday morning (1895) addressed a large congregation assembled in Westminster Abbey. In the summary of his remarks given by the *Times*, the sermon is described as "a discourse against the morbid observance of Good Friday." The key-note was struck in his opening sentences. I adopt, in default of the full text, the condensed report in the same journal:

[1] The Jesuit in question was Father Alonso Mesia, who published at Lima, in Peru, about 1720, the manual he composed for this service, entitled *Devocion á las tres horas de la agonia de Christo nuestro Redentor*. Thence, as Cancellieri and Moroni attest, it spread gradually from Peru to Europe. Father Mesia's book was translated in Rome in 1789, and was afterwards frequently reprinted, in Italian and in several other languages. When Cancellieri wrote in 1817, the devotion had become an annual practice in some half-dozen or more of the Roman churches. Moroni, in 1850, describes it as familiar in every part of the Christian world.

It was not [said the preacher] suggested by Scripture or by the practice of the early Church that we should spend the day in morbid, unnatural, and useless attempts to reproduce in imagination the physical agonies of our Lord upon the Cross. An Anglican manual of devotion said: "Put a crucifix before you and weep over the five blessed wounds." He could not conceive any advice more absolutely unprimitive, unscriptural, and uncatholic, or more likely to stimulate the luxury of fantastic emotionalism in place of the energy of manly righteousness. The Gospels did not say anything of the wounds, except of the spear-thrust after death; or of anguish, except the single cry "I thirst." The same was true of the Epistles; but the writers preached "Christ crucified," because the Cross was a special stumbling-block. Their tone was never morbid, moaning, or hysterical; nor were the brief human sufferings of Christ ever dissociated from the glory that should follow. Many modern hymns seemed to express the unnatural, self-macerating misery of *convulsionnaires*, of half-dazed Spanish friars, rather than love, joy, peace in believing. There was nothing in the Gospels like the verses containing the lines, "Come let us stand beneath the Cross" and "Thorns and Cross, and Nails and Lance." But the hymns were not so bad as the language not uncommon among Romish writers.

Dean Farrar then proceeded to quote a passage from one of Father Faber's works, which the reader, I think, will be glad to have before him entire.

The Sacred Heart can bear no more. It gives out its red life as in a winepress. Drop by drop, unnaturally, through the burning pores of the skin, the beads of Blood ooze out. They stand upon His brow and then roll down His face. They clog His hair. They blind His eyes. They fill His mouth, otherwise than as the chalice of His Blood filled it three hours ago. They mat His beard. They wet His hands. They suffuse every limb in a universal Sweat of Blood. They stain His garments. They ruddy the olive-roots. They spot the white dust with black. Truly, if ever suffering was beautiful—and how little

suffering there has been on earth that was not beautiful!—it was the woe which the paschal moon beheld beneath the olive-trees that night.[1]

Whether Dean Farrar quoted the passage at length, the report does not state, but he proceeded to comment upon it by declaring that

> Such language was mawkish and effeminate, unreal, and utterly untrue to Scripture.[2] The early Christians would have shuddered at any representation as dead of Him who is alive for evermore. The aspect in which they viewed the Cross was that of triumph and exaltation, never that of moaning and misery. Where was it that on Good Friday the Church was hung in black, the light excluded, and the people scourged themselves with chains? Only in countries like Mexico, the most ignorant, superstitious, and corrupt in the world, were these theatrical methods adopted to stimulate a physical emotion.

There are so many astonishing statements in this pronouncement of Dean Farrar's, that it is impossible to touch upon them all. To begin with,—the preacher, in condemning the wish to "reproduce in the imagination the physical sufferings of Christ," because such an attempt is "morbid," is simply using one of those question-begging epithets which put argument out of court. Etymologically, the word morbid means diseased or unhealthy. If it is morally unhealthy

[1] *The Precious Blood*, p. 237.

[2] It is singular that Dean Farrar, although he seems to suggest a doubt of the reality of the phenomenon, should himself write of the Agony in very much the same strain. I have no space to quote the whole passage, but the climax of the description is reached in these words: "The great drops of anguish which drop from Him in the deathful struggle, look to them like heavy gouts of blood. Under the dark shadows of the trees, amid the interrupted moonlight, it seems to them that there is an angel with Him, who supports His failing strength, who enables Him to rise victorious from those first prayers, with nothing but the crimson traces of that bitter struggle on His brow." (*Life of Christ*, p. 625.)

"to put a crucifix before you and meditate upon—weep ever, if you will—the five sacred wounds," may we be permitted to ask why?

We may go to witness a tragedy like *Othello* or *King Lear*, and if the actor's consummate art, "but in a fiction, in a dream of passion," draws tears from the eyes of his audience, we shall be told, as Aristotle has told us, that such a tragedy is a moral education. Young lads at school are encouraged to read sentimental stories like those which Dean Farrar himself has written for them, glorifying the attachment of big boys verging on manhood to little boys with pretty faces and curling locks, and no one stands up to describe such reading as unhealthy. But when a man like Father Faber, with his ardent faith and poetic temperament, paints for us in somewhat vivid colours the details of the one real tragedy, the sufferings of Jesus Christ borne for our sins and through which we hope for Heaven, this Anglican dignitary is scandalized, and raises his voice to ring the changes on "mawkish and effeminate, morbid and hysterical, unreal, and utterly untrue to Scripture." *Judæis quidem scandalum*, to the Jews indeed a stumbling-block. Of a verity the age of the Pharisees is not yet past.

It must not, of course, be supposed that I am denying the possibility that realism in such matters can be carried to excess. We may quite consistently reject, for our own more sensitive age and country, those coarser appeals to the emotions which caused no unhealthy shock to minds less refined or more familiarized with pain. But there is little danger that the preachers who strive to kindle in the hearts of their nineteenth-century hearers some spark of

compassion for the Crucified, will introduce into our churches the horrors of the dissecting-room. There is, as I conceive, a danger much more immediate, and likely to be much more disastrous in its consequences —I mean the desire to banish from men's minds every thought of pain and suffering as if it were an accursed thing. Holy Scripture teaches, and the early Christians took the lesson to heart, that suffering was a blessing and a mark of God's love, and that strength and courage to endure all trials was only to be found in the contemplation of the Passion of Jesus Christ. If Dean Farrar could build up a world out of the same mawkish materials of which he constructs his school stories, I dare say that such a world would be quite content to dispense with the crucifix altogether; but in the world which God has made, and from which pain and sin and cruelty can never be banished, experience shows that those who labour most and endure most for God and for their fellow-men, will also be those who have devoted longest hours in striving to realize the sufferings of their Master.

And the most astonishing of all is this: that if we wish to find a parallel to Father Faber's treatment of the sufferings of the Passion, it is in the pages of Dean Farrar's *Life of Christ* that we shall find his realism not merely imitated, but exaggerated. Presumably Dean Farrar's late sermon is to be construed as an act of contrition for the sins of his own youth, but in that case it would have been more graceful if the preacher, instead of pointing the finger of scorn at the Romanist ascetic, had recited for the benefit of his hearers a few passages from that standard work, Farrar's *Life of Christ*. The following for instance:

For indeed death by crucifixion seems to include all that pain and death can have of horrible and ghastly—dizziness, cramp, thirst, starvation, sleeplessness, traumatic fever, tetanus, publicity of shame, long continuance of torment, horror of anticipation, mortification of untended wounds—all intensified just up to the point at which they can be endured at all, but all stopping just short of the point which would give to the sufferer the relief of unconsciousness. The unnatural position made every movement painful; the lacerated veins and crushed tendons throbbed with incessant anguish. The wounds, inflamed by exposure, gradually gangrened; the arteries, especially of the head and stomach, became swollen and oppressed with surcharged blood; and while each variety of misery went on gradually increasing, there was added to them the intolerable pang of a burning and raging thirst. . . . Such was the death to which Christ was doomed. (p. 697.)

But the main object of the present pamphlet is not to discuss the moral healthiness or the reverse of our Good Friday devotions, but rather to call attention to the distorted presentment of early Christian history and practice which Dean Farrar had no scruple in setting before his crowded congregation at the Abbey. I may take it that the drift at least of his remarks is not unfairly represented by the following words attributed to him by more than one of his reporters: "The aspect in which the early Christians invariably viewed the Cross was that of triumph and exaltation, never that of moaning and misery. It was the emblem of victory and of rapture, not of blood or of anguish." What is to be said of this as the judgment of one who professes to be a specialist in the domain of early Christian history?

And the first remark which suggests itself is the

query: What does Dean Farrar understand by the term "early Christians"? The words are very elastic ones. They may include anything from strictly Apostolic times down to the close of the age of the great Doctors. Probably ninety-nine out of a hundred of those listening to Dean Farrar went away with the idea that the mournful conception of the Cross and of Good Friday was an innovation introduced by the Popes of Rome somewhere after the time of Gregory the Great. If pressed as to his meaning, Dean Farrar would no doubt take refuge in a very narrow interpretation of his ambiguous phrase, limiting it perhaps to the first century after Christ's Ascension. But even so I think that he would find it difficult indeed to make good his words. Let us briefly consider how the matter stands.

Dean Farrar says in the first place that this conception of the Cross of Christ is un-Scriptural. If he means that the Scripture does not speak so plainly on the subject as to exclude all possible cavil, one may conceivably agree with him, but then in that sense a good many other things, the practice of infant baptism and the observance of Sunday amongst the number, are un-Scriptural also. If, on the other hand, he means that the inspired writings in any sense discountenance the idea of mourning in sympathy with Christ's Passion, his assertion can only be met with an emphatic negative. There are, on the contrary, a host of passages in the Epistles which, according to their obvious meaning, suggest precisely that conception of the Cross which Dean Farrar is protesting against, and which can only be explained away by doing violence to the context.

The foundation of this extraordinary misunderstanding seems to lie in the idea that Catholics mourn over our Lord's Death in the same spirit as that in which the Syrian damsels wept over Thammuz. The Church does not mourn over that Death in the sense that she would have it reversed, but she weeps, as I have said, *in sympathy* with Christ. The intimate union of Christ and His Church[1] and the conformity of each individual member with the mortal life of its Head, are apparently conceptions to which Dean Farrar is altogether a stranger; and yet they are surely patent upon the face of Holy Scripture. Take, for instance, the words of St. Peter:[2] "This is thanksworthy, if for conscience towards God a man endure sorrows, suffering wrongfully. . . . For unto this are you called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps. Who when He was reviled, did not revile," &c., or again:[3] "Christ therefore having suffered in the flesh, be you also armed with the same thought." So St. Paul:[4] "With Christ am I nailed to the Cross. And I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me," and v. 24: "They that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences," or Coloss. i. 24: "I Paul, who now rejoice in my sufferings for you and fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh, for His Body, which is the Church." Surely to the Apostles the Cross did not seem a motive for jubilation and merry-making. These and many similar passages suggest that suffering is a blessed thing, and that Christians

[1] Ephes. iv. and v. [2] 1 St. Peter ii. 19.
[3] 1 St. Peter iv. 1. [4] Galat. ii. 19. Cf. 2 Cor. i. 5.

were to be led by the thought of the Cross to court pain and opprobrium in order to be more like their Master. This love of suffering was the "*word of the Cross*, to them that perish foolishness;" and in such a passage as Galat. vi. 14: "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I to the world," it is a mere trifling with words to say that the Cross is viewed as an emblem of triumph. On the contrary, the passage is only the counterpart of that in which St. Paul says that he glories in his infirmities. The Cross is used as the equivalent of sorrow, and sorrows do not cease to be sorrows and to need consolation from the example of Christ, because the first Christians had the grace even to long for them in the hope of the glory to come.

And this conception, which is patent upon the face of Holy Scripture, becomes only increasingly explicit and distinct as our documents multiply. The writings still preserved to us of the earliest ages of Christianity are few and rare, and their generally formal character forbids us to expect to find in them any clear picture of the devotional side of the life of the early Christians; nevertheless, even these speak so clearly that only the most extraordinary perversity can fail to grasp the lesson they convey. Let us take in the first place the question of fasting. Although we have not perhaps sufficient warrant for tracing back the observance of the forty days' fast to Apostolic times, the same cannot be said of the Paschal fast, the fast of Good Friday itself. On the contrary, we find that both St. Irenæus, writing in the latter half of the second century, and

Tertullian, *c.* A.D. 200, were familiar with this fast as a custom universally established, though not observed everywhere in the same manner. St. Irenæus informs us[1] that some fasted one day, some two, others for several, while others again counted forty hours to their day. He adds that this variety of practice was of long standing, (*πολὺ πρότερον*) "an important statement," says Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, "as carrying back the existence of the fast practically up to Apostolic times." Again, Tertullian, who clearly recognizes the distinction made by the early Christians between the Pasch of the Resurrection (*πάσχα ἀναστάσιμον*) and the Pasch of the Crucifixion (*πάσχα σταυρώσιμον*),[2] speaks of the latter, of Good Friday in other words, as "the day of the pasch on which there is a universal and almost public observance of a fast, and on which we very properly lay aside the kiss of peace."[3] Now it does not seem unreasonable to argue that if the memory of the Crucifixion had for the early Christians that triumphant significance which Dean Farrar supposes, the Friday on which the Passion was commemorated ought to have been the most joyful day of the entire calendar. So far from that, it was in Tertullian's time the one day in all the year

[1] Ap. Euseb. *Hist. Eccles.* v. 24.

[2] The association of the word Pasch with the Passion of our Lord became so close, that writers ignorant of Hebrew commonly derived *pasch* from the Greek *πάσχειν*, to suffer. (Cf. Augustine, Ep. 55, *Ad Ian.*)

[3] "Sic et die Paschæ quo communis et quasi publica jejunandi religio est, merito deponimus osculum." (*De Orat.* c. 18.) There is nothing to show that the omission of the kiss of peace had any reference to the kiss of Judas, for this took place on the Thursday, and Tertullian says that the kiss was omitted on other fast-days also. It seems, therefore, to have been regarded as a sign of joy, and to have been laid aside during penitential seasons.

which Christians universally agreed in keeping as a complete fast, not merely as a station (*semi-jejunium*), but by an entire abstention from food, continued in most cases until the Easter Sunday morning. Can any reasonable being fail to draw the inference that the annual commemoration of the sufferings of our Lord suggested not rejoicing, but sympathy with and participation in those sufferings? Nay, every Friday of the year,[1] save during Eastertide, was kept as a lesser day of fasting, being regarded as a kind of weekly memorial of the great Friday, just as on the same principle every Sunday in the year was a renewal of the joys which marked out the Sunday of the Resurrection.[2] When Dean Farrar can show that any race of men are in the habit of giving vent to their feelings of exultation by remaining without food for forty consecutive hours, he may be able to make good his theory.

Moreover, while documents fail us in the Apostolic Fathers for anything like a complete understanding of their attitude towards the Crucifixion, still I should like to call attention to some familiar words of St. Ignatius of Antioch, which, if not conclusive, are at least significant. Writing to the Roman Church on the eve of his martyrdom, he begs of them not to do anything to hinder his attainment of his crown.

[1] This exceptional observance of the Friday is attested, among other writers, by Origen. (*Contra Celsum*, iii. 22.) The Friday station is mentioned also in the *Didache*.

[2] It is important to notice that the scrupulous abstention of the early Christians from any sort of fasting on Sundays and during the fifty days of the Paschal season, is equally attested by Tertullian. (*De Corona*, c. iii.) It was a duty *not to fast* at such times, precisely because they were seasons of joy and of sympathy with the triumph of the Resurrection.

I exhort you, be ye not an unseasonable kindness to me. Let me be given to the wild beasts, for through them I can attain unto God. I am God's wheat and I am ground by the teeth of wild beasts that I may be found pure bread (of Christ). Bear with me. I know what is expedient for me. *Now am I beginning to be a disciple.* Come fire and cross and grapplings with wild beasts, cuttings and manglings, wrenching of bones, breaking of limbs, crushings of my whole body, come cruel tortures of the devil to assail me. Only be it mine to attain unto Jesus Christ. . .

Him I seek who dies on our behalf; Him I desire who rose again for our sake. The pangs of a new birth are upon me. Bear with me, brethren. Bestow not on the world one who desireth to be God's, neither allure him with material things. Suffer me to receive the pure light. When I am come thither then shall I be a man. *Permit me to be an imitator of the Passion of my God.* If any man hath Him within himself, let him understand what I desire, and let him have fellow-feeling with me, for he knoweth the things which straiten me.[1]

Whether these words of a contemporary of the Apostles be "morbid" or not, they seem to bear witness to a desire of suffering of which the motive is to be found in the wish to be more closely conformed to the likeness of the Passion of our Lord. As the same holy Martyr says again in his letter to the Smyrnæans, answering the self-imposed question, *Why* had he delivered himself up to death? "Near to the sword, near to God (*i.e.*, Christ),[2] in company with wild beasts, in company with God. Only let it be in the name of Jesus Christ, so that we may suffer together with Him (εἰς τὸ συμπαθεῖν αὐτῷ)."[3]

[1] St. Ignatius, *Ad Rom.* cc. 4—6.

[2] There are several passages in St. Ignatius' Epistles, where he uses the term God absolutely, to designate our Blessed Lord.

[3] I have not quoted above the well-known saying of the same writer, ὁ ἐμὸς ἔρως ἐσταύρωται, usually rendered, "My love is crucified,"

There are many indications of the same spirit which are to be found in the writings of the first three centuries. Space can only be found here for one short extract from St. Melito of Sardis, about A.D. 150, who in a homily on the Crucifixion speaks thus:

He on whose account the earth quaked, He that suspended the earth, was hanged up; He that fixed the heavens was fixed with nails; He that supported the earth was supported upon a tree; the Lord was exposed to ignominy with a naked body; God put to death; the King of Israel slain by an Israelitish right hand. Ah! the fresh wickedness of the fresh murder! The Lord was exposed with a naked body; He was not deemed worthy even of covering; but in order that He may not be seen, the lights were turned away, and the day became dark because they were slaying God, who was naked upon the tree.[1]

The whole passage from which this extract is taken is far too long to quote, but it is all couched in the same strain. Who can believe that in making such appeals to the compassion and sympathy of his hearers St. Melito regarded the Cross "exclusively as the emblem of victory and rapture, not of blood or of anguish"?

But we must move on a couple of centuries to the period when we really begin to get full light as

because Bishop Lightfoot thinks that ἔρως signifies *lust*, and that the passage consequently means, "I have crucified my passions." But it is remarkable that Origen understood it in the former sense, and quotes it in his Preface to the *Canticle of Canticles* as a parallel for the warmth of language found in that poem.

[1] The authenticity of this fragment is admitted by the non-Catholic scholars Harnack and Preuschen in their authoritative *Geschichte der altchristlichen Litteratur bis Eusebius*, Leipzig, 1893, vol. i. p. 252. The view they adopt is founded on an article of Krüger's in the *Ztschrft. f. wissensch. Theol.* p. 434. 1888.

to the daily religious life of Christians, and as to the details of their ritual and modes of thought. There is one incomparable record preserved to us of that epoch, the narrative of a pilgrim lady from the West who visited the Holy Places about the year 380, and who has set down a full description of all that she witnessed at Jerusalem in the course of her long stay. Of the authenticity of St. Silvia's narrative no doubt has ever been suggested by any one of the numberless critics who have discussed it. Besides telling us much about the Holy Places at Jerusalem and elsewhere, about her journeys, about the extraordinary austerities of Lent, in which many people abstained from food for as much as five days together, she gives a full account of the ceremonies of Holy Week as they were observed on the very spot where our Lord suffered. We can only select a few passages here and there, but they will be abundantly sufficient to show the spirit in which both the native Judeans and the vast crowds of pilgrims present from all parts of the Christian world observed the holy season.

The first remark we meet which specially concerns us, occurs in St. Silvia's notes on the service at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the Wednesday morning.

> A priest [she says] stands before the rails, and takes the Gospel and reads that passage where Judas Iscariot went to the Jews and determined what they would give him to betray the Lord. And when this passage has been read, there is such a groaning and moaning of all the people that there is no one who would not be moved to tears at that hour.

Passing over intervening matter, we may next note the description St. Silvia gives us of the wonderful night-watch on the Mount of Olives beginning on the Thursday evening. The whole population, even down to the little children, stream out of Jerusalem and make their way across the brook of Cedron just as our Lord Himself had crossed it with His disciples after the Last Supper three hundred and fifty years before. There upon the hill beyond they spend the night among the olive-trees, occupying the time until cock-crow with a continual succession of prayers, canticles, psalms, and the reading of appropriate passages from the Gospels and the prophecies.

> And thence [she goes on] all down to the smallest child descend on foot along with the Bishop, where on account of the great crowd of people wearied with vigils and worn out with daily fastings, and because they have to descend so steep a hill they come gently and slowly with canticles to Gethsemane.

At Gethsemane, after suitable prayers,

> That passage of the Gospel is read where the Lord was apprehended, and when this passage has been read there is such a moaning and groaning of all the people, with weeping, that the groans can be heard almost at the city.

Returning to the city in the grey of the morning, they proceed to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, receive an exhortation from the Bishop, and are then dismissed for two or three hours of sleep.

At about eight a.m. on the same morning, which is of course Good Friday, the ceremony begins of the kissing of the relic of the True Cross,

discovered, according to tradition, only fifty years before. The Bishop sits holding the sacred wood in his hand, with the deacons around him. Each one comes up in turn, bows down, touches the relic with his forehead and his eyes, kisses both the wood of the Cross and the title, and then passes on.

After this we have the description of a three hours' ceremony, beginning at mid-day, closely resembling, in its conception and general character, the service which Father Mesia, little knowing how closely he was emulating the spirit of the early ages, organized less than two centuries ago in far-off Peru. It consisted chiefly in the reading, in the presence of the Bishop, of every passage in the Holy Scripture, in the Evangelists, the Prophets, or the Epistles, which had reference to the Passion and sufferings of our Lord, together with suitable canticles and prayers. The assembly is held in the great atrium or court, open to the sky, situated, St. Silvia tells us, between the chapel of the Cross and the Church of the Resurrection, all being part of the sumptuous edifice erected by Constantine over the site of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. Even in this open space the crowd is packed so tight that it is hardly possible to open the doors. Then, says St. Silvia,

> At the several lections and prayers there is such emotion displayed and lamentation of all the people as is wonderful to hear. For there is no one, great or small, who does not weep on that day during those three hours, in a way which cannot be imagined, that the Lord should have suffered such things for us.
>
> And thereupon when the ninth hour (three o'clock) approaches, that passage is read from the Gospel according

to St. John where our Lord gave up the ghost. And when this has been read, a prayer is said, and the assembly is dismissed.[1]

I do not know whether Dean Farrar considers these pilgrims and inhabitants of Jerusalem, the contemporaries of St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nazianzus, and St. Ephraem, as early Christians or not, but it is quite clear that his unmeasured invective must fall upon them, and that they too will have to be classed with the "*convulsionnaires*," the "half-dazed Spanish friars," and the inhabitants of "countries like Mexico, the most ignorant, superstitious, and corrupt in the world." What adds to the importance of the passages I have been quoting is that Palestine at this epoch was visited by a continual stream of pilgrims, coming, like St. Silvia, from the most distant corners of the Christian world. St. Jerome, who came from Rome but two or three years later to take up his abode in the vicinity of the Holy Places, and to spend there a life of prayer, study, and mortification, is never tired of speaking of the crowds of devout pilgrims who thronged to these spots, and, as we know from the still extant journal of the pilgrim of Bordeaux, the movement had been going on then for more than fifty years. Thus the traditions and practices of the Holy City were carried back into every Christian land, and we are not surprised that St. Cyril of Jerusalem should write, about A.D. 350, that fragments of the wood of the True Cross were already

[1] *Peregrinatio St. Silviæ*, apud Duchesne, *Origines*, pp. 485—490. There is an English translation in the Palestine Pilgrims Text Society Series.

scattered throughout the whole world, or that we should find mention of such a relic a few years later in a dated inscription of North Africa.

To Jerusalem the pilgrims came primarily to honour the Cross and to pay at the shrine of their Saviour's tomb a tribute, not of exultation, but of tears. Paula and Eustochium, in A.D. 386, writing from Bethlehem to Marcella in Rome, probably by the hand of St. Jerome, and anticipating in imagination her coming to Palestine to join them, say: "And can we hope then to see the day when we may enter together the grotto of the Saviour [at Gethsemane], when we may weep at the sepulchre of the Lord, weep there with the Sister and the Mother,[1] kissing [*lambere, i.e.*, licking] the wood of the Cross; and on the Mountain of Olives be raised up in heart and in desire along with our Lord ascending to Heaven."[2] The joy, be it remarked, is kept for the site of the Ascension, the weeping is reserved for the sepulchre.

Or if again, we wanted to know of what nature were the canticles and discourses which at such holy seasons kindled the devotion of those who assisted at them, we may turn to the works of St. Ephraem Syrus, who died a few years earlier, in 378. The word *hymni* in St. Silvia which I have translated canticles, was probably a general term often applied to the Psalms, but inasmuch as it is sometimes distinguished from *psalmi* it must have extended to other metrical compositions. Now among the works of St. Ephraem recently published by Mgr. Lamy,

[1] Vallarsi's notes suggest that Maria Cleophe and our Blessed Lady are intended.

[2] St. Jerome, Letter 46. Migne, *P.L.* vol. 22, p. 491.

we have a number of his hymns on the Passion. St. Ephraem's hymns were celebrated all through the East, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that these or others similar in character supplied the very words which St. Silvia heard sung by the devout Christians of Jerusalem. Let us take a few specimens:

3. O blessed spot, thy narrow room may be set against all the world. That which is contained in thee, though bounded in narrow compass, filleth the universe. Blessed is the dwelling-place in which with holy hand the bread was broken. In thee the grape which grew on Mary's vine, was crushed in the chalice of salvation.

Resp. Blessed is He whom His Holy Mysteries have proclaimed.

O blessed spot! No man hath seen nor shall see the things which thou hast seen. In thee the Lord Himself became true altar, priest, the bread and chalice of Salvation. He alone sufficeth for all, yet none for Him sufficeth. Altar He is and lamb, victim and sacrificer, priest as well as food.

It is in this strain, and at great length, that St. Ephraem apostrophizes the chamber of the Last Supper in his third hymn on the Passion. In the fourth, he passes to the Garden, and to other sites and things connected with the same subject:

1. O blessed spot, held worthy to drink in the sweat of the Son that fell on thee. The Son mingled His sweat with the ground that He might cast out the sweat of Adam who with sweat had tilled it. O blessed earth, that He renewed with His sweat! The earth that was sick was healed because it sweated. Who ever saw the sick ere this healed with a sweat that was not its own?

. . . . . .

3. O blessed reed of mockery placed in the hand of our King. The wicked tormentors snatched at it, showing that with this reed was written the doom by which they were to be destroyed.

6. Blessed art thou, O little board (the title of the Cross)! Upon thee they bent their eyes as upon the King's likeness. Thee too they nailed to the Cross with Him. The King himself presented the image of death; but the little board, His likeness, was glorious with the purple of royalty. Thou wast not clothed in this outward semblance, but thou wast soaked through with the veiled likenesses of thy crucified King, so that thy outward form might speak of the beauties hidden within thee.[1]

These hymns, it seems to me, are very similar in tone to the "Thorns and Cross, and Nails and Lance," or to the poetical prose of Father Faber. But perhaps even more plainly do we find the same spirit expressed in the Discourses. The seven "Sermons for Holy Week" might all of them have been delivered as Passion sermons in the middle ages. I should not think of calling St. Ephraem's treatment of the theme "morbid," but he harps continually upon the notes of sympathy, compassion, and wonder at our Saviour's infinite condescension, dwelling with much insistance upon the physical suffering and the humiliations of the Cross. It is not easy to bring this home to the reader, for the impression is produced rather by the cumulative effect of the whole than by individual sentences. I may quote here first a short phrase or two, and then I hope I may be pardoned if I give, *speciminis gratia*, one or two longer passages. Speaking of the Crucifixion, he asks:

Were all things in Heaven and on earth plunged in deepest grief, or did they rejoice that mankind was now redeemed? No, he replies, the grief must far have prevailed. . . There was no angel in Heaven that did not mourn, no creature on earth that was without pain, and, if the word had been given, they would have destroyed

[1] S. Ephraem Syri, *Hymni et Sermones*. Ed. Lamy, i. pp. 658—668.

the house of Israel. . . It was at this hour that sorrow came upon all creation; every moment brought suffering upon Heaven and earth. . . What man would not be awe-stricken and be wholly plunged in grief that the children of Adam have given vinegar to drink to Him who is the fountain of life.[1]

"Glory be to Him, how much He suffered!" is an exclamation which from time to time bursts from the lips of the preacher at a breathing-space in his discourse. It is, however, from continuous passages that the general effect will best be appreciated. Take this description of the Scourging:

After many vehement outcries against Pilate, the all-mighty One was scourged like the meanest criminal. Surely there must have been commotion and horror at the sight. Let the heavens and earth stand awe-struck to behold Him who swayeth the rod of fire, Himself smitten with scourges, to behold Him who spread over the earth the veil of the skies and who set fast the foundations of the mountains, who poised the earth over the waters and sent down the blazing lightning-flash, now beaten by infamous wretches over a stone pillar that His own word had created. They, indeed, stretched out His limbs and outraged Him with mockeries. A man whom He had formed wielded the scourge. He who sustains all creatures with His might submitted His back to their stripes; He who is the Father's right arm yielded His own arms to be extended. The pillar of ignominy was embraced by Him who bears up and sustains the heaven and the earth in all their splendour. Savage dogs did bark at the Lord who with His thunder shakes the mountains, they sharpened their teeth against the Son of Glory.

How was it, Lord [he goes on], that these vile foxes could lay their grasp on Thee who art the lightning, and not be swept away like smoke before the wind? How was it that these unclean hands could touch Thy purity and

[1] Loc. cit. pp. 493, 499, 511.

not melt forthwith like wax before the fire? How did these fettered slaves enchain Thee? How did these bondsmen bind Thee fast, who settest loose the heaven and the earth, and dissolvest the mountains at a word?

The same strain is continued over several pages and amongst other quaint fancies St. Ephraem remarks: "The very column must have quivered as if it were alive, the cold stone must have felt that the Master was bound to it who had given it its being. The pillar shuddered, knowing that the Lord of all creatures was being scourged." And he adds, as a marvel which was to be witnessed even to his own day, that the "column had contracted with fear beneath the Body of Christ."

And all these expressions of deep feeling belong, be it remembered, to the fourth century, to the very epoch when the Cross and the *labarum* first began to be publicly displayed. I am not disputing—no one can dispute—that the Cross has been to the Christians of every age an emblem of hope and of victory. In the very service of Good Friday itself, amidst all the signs of mourning, this note rings out gloriously in one of the noblest hymns of our liturgy, the *Vexilla Regis;* but nothing at the same time can be more untrue than to say that the aspect in which the early Christians "*invariably* viewed the Cross was that of triumph and exultation, of victory and of rapture." Dean Farrar's desire to win a cheap popularity among the Evangelicals and to provoke his fellow-Churchmen who are differently minded, must be keen indeed when it can induce him to bid defiance to history by statements so flagrantly and demonstrably false.

Strike out from our contemplations of Christ's Passion the sorrow and the sympathy, and it is a pitiable mockery that remains. The triumph is built upon the suffering, and without it we pass into a region of cant, illusion, and buffoonery far more repulsive than the most extravagant "emotionalism" of Mexico or Peru. At the opposite pole of the Good Friday observances to which I alluded at the commencement of this pamphlet, we note such a record as the following:

> Dr. Parker as usual [says the *Daily Telegraph*, April 13, 1895] opened the City Temple to a vast congregation, who were regaled with abundant music and fervent oratory. The features of the service were duets by two tiny girls from the other side of the Atlantic, and hymns sung by three African children. One of these, a coal-black Christian of five, standing on a chair under the pulpit, sang with much spirit, "Dare to be a Daniel." On his concluding, Dr. Parker kindly invited any one who thought he could do it better to "come on." A spirit of decorous jollity characterized this novel Good Friday service.

As the irreverent buffooneries of the City Temple are to the sober ritual befitting the House of God, so it seems to me is the flippant and reckless extravagance of Dean Farrar's invective to that grave earnestness and sense of responsibility which we expect in a preacher speaking on the most solemn day of the year about the closing scenes of Calvary. And the cause of the failure is the same in both cases. For both the Crucifix has lost all true significance. Both for Dr. Parker and for the newly created Dean of Canterbury, the appropriate emblem of Good Friday, as they conceive of it, would be, not a Crucifix, but a Hot Cross Bun.

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